



DARING *the* SUPERNATURAL

FEB.-
MAR.

OUT OF *the* NIGHT

10¢

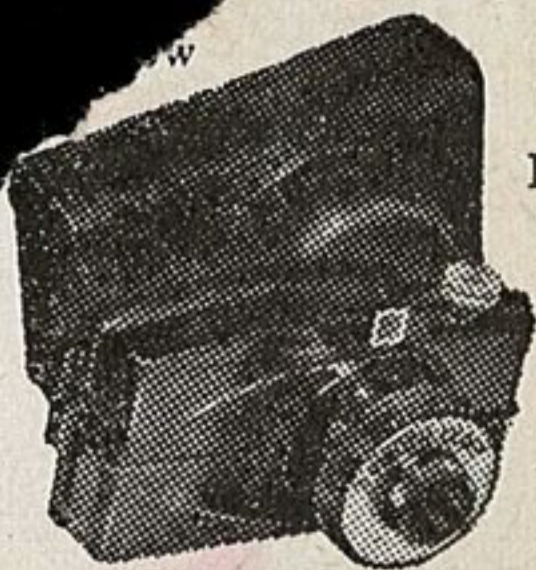




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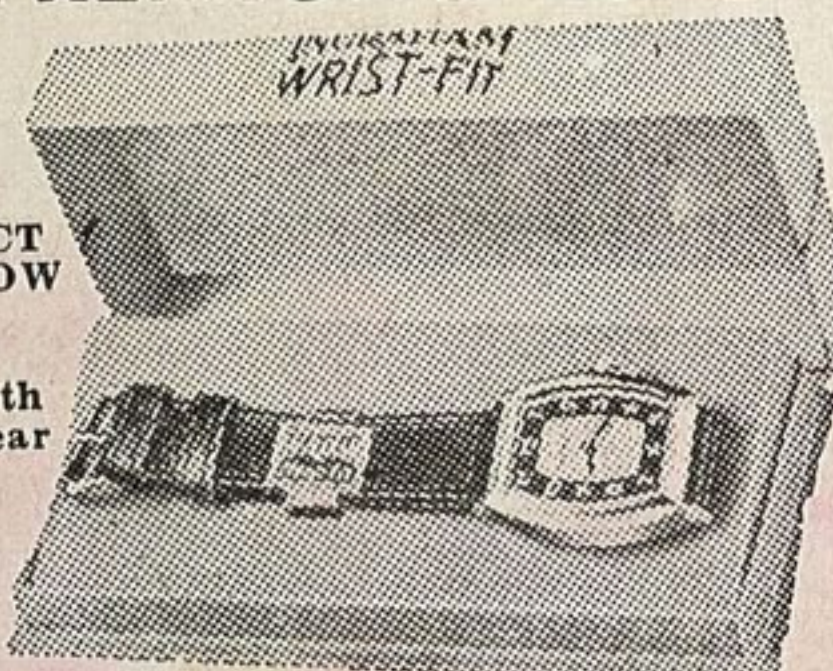
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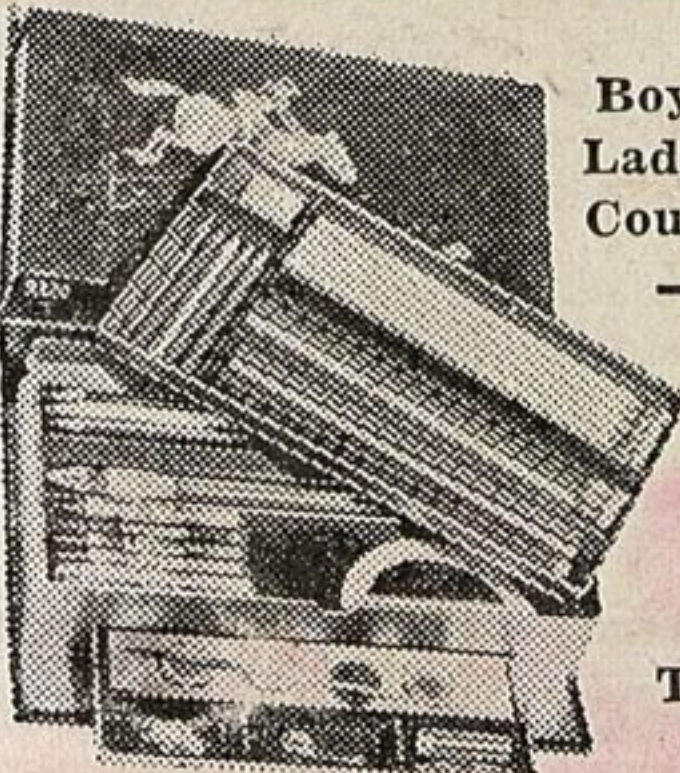
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YEAR

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Town Zone
No. State.....
Print LAST
Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

KING *of the* VAMPIRES

DOWN THROUGH THE AGES HAS COME THE LEGEND OF THE FATEFUL VAMPIRE-- WEIRD-- UNEARTHLY-- STRIKING OUT OF THE MIDNIGHT GLOOM FOR ITS HAPLESS HUMAN PREY! HERE'S THE SPINE-TINGLING STORY OF AN EERIE BEING FROM OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF THE **UNKNOWN** ITSELF-- A SUPERNATURAL SPECTER THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER IN YOUR MEMORY AS **KING OF THE VAMPIRES!**



IT WAS A LONELY COUNTRY HOUSE THAT TOM WRIGHT AND HIS WIFE SUSAN HAD RENTED--

YOU HAVE A REAL BARGAIN HERE, SIR!

I KNOW, MR. LEROY-- YOU'VE LET US HAVE IT CHEAPLY! BUT THERE HAVE BEEN ODD WHISPERS-- ABOUT THE DISAPPEARANCE OF FORMER TENANTS--



RUMORS, MY DEAR SIR-- SPREAD BY THE IGNORANT PEASANTS HEREABOUT! I'D ADVISE YOU TO **FORGET THEM!**



THAT COLD, DANK PRESENCE-- I'M **AFRAID OF THAT MAN!**

OH, A BAT!



THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR IN **THEM**, MRS. WRIGHT! IN FACT-- I FIND THEM QUITE **ATTRACTIVE!**

MAYBE **YOU** DO, MR. LEROY-- BUT THEY GIVE **ME** THE **CREEPS!**

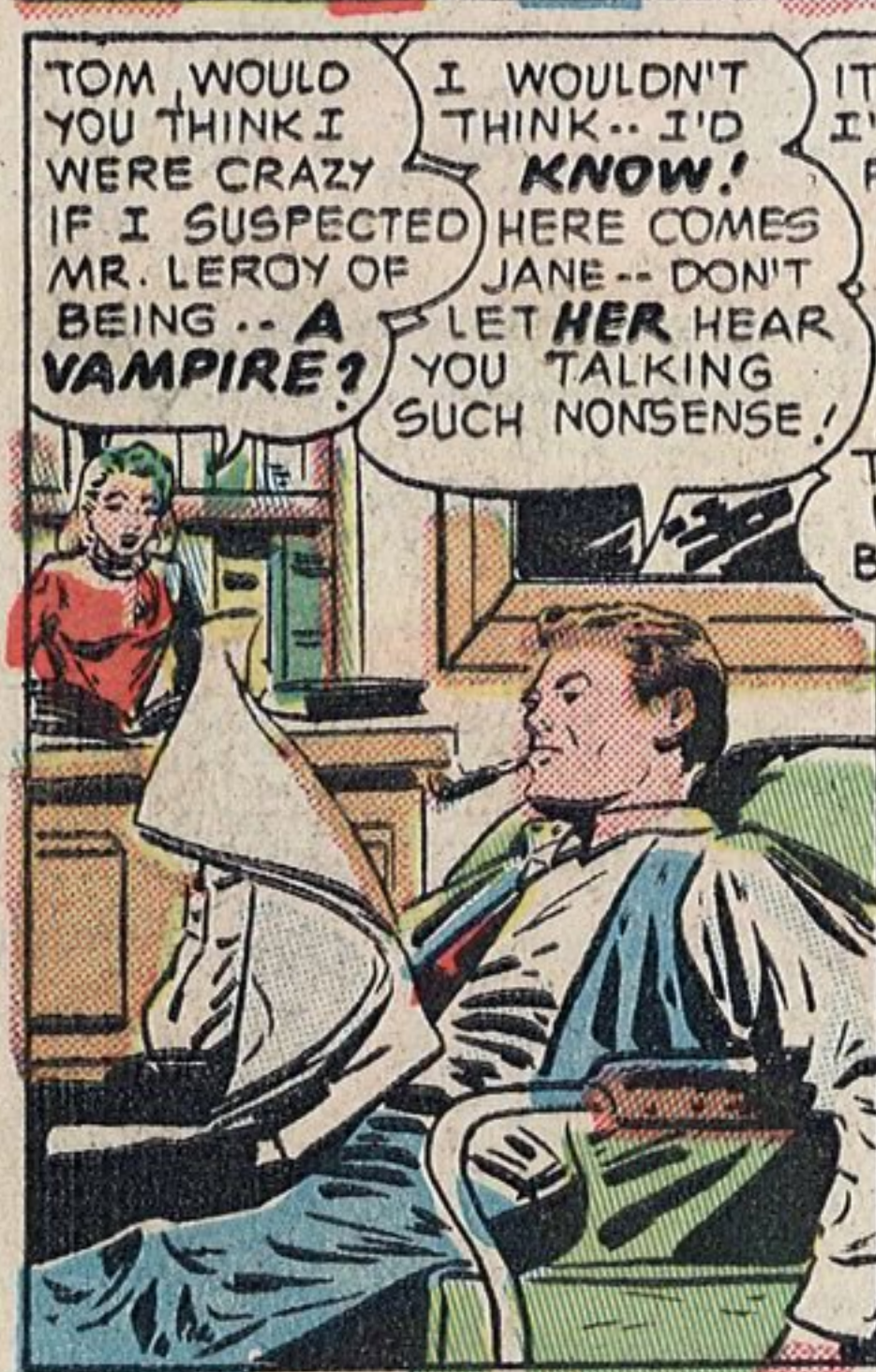
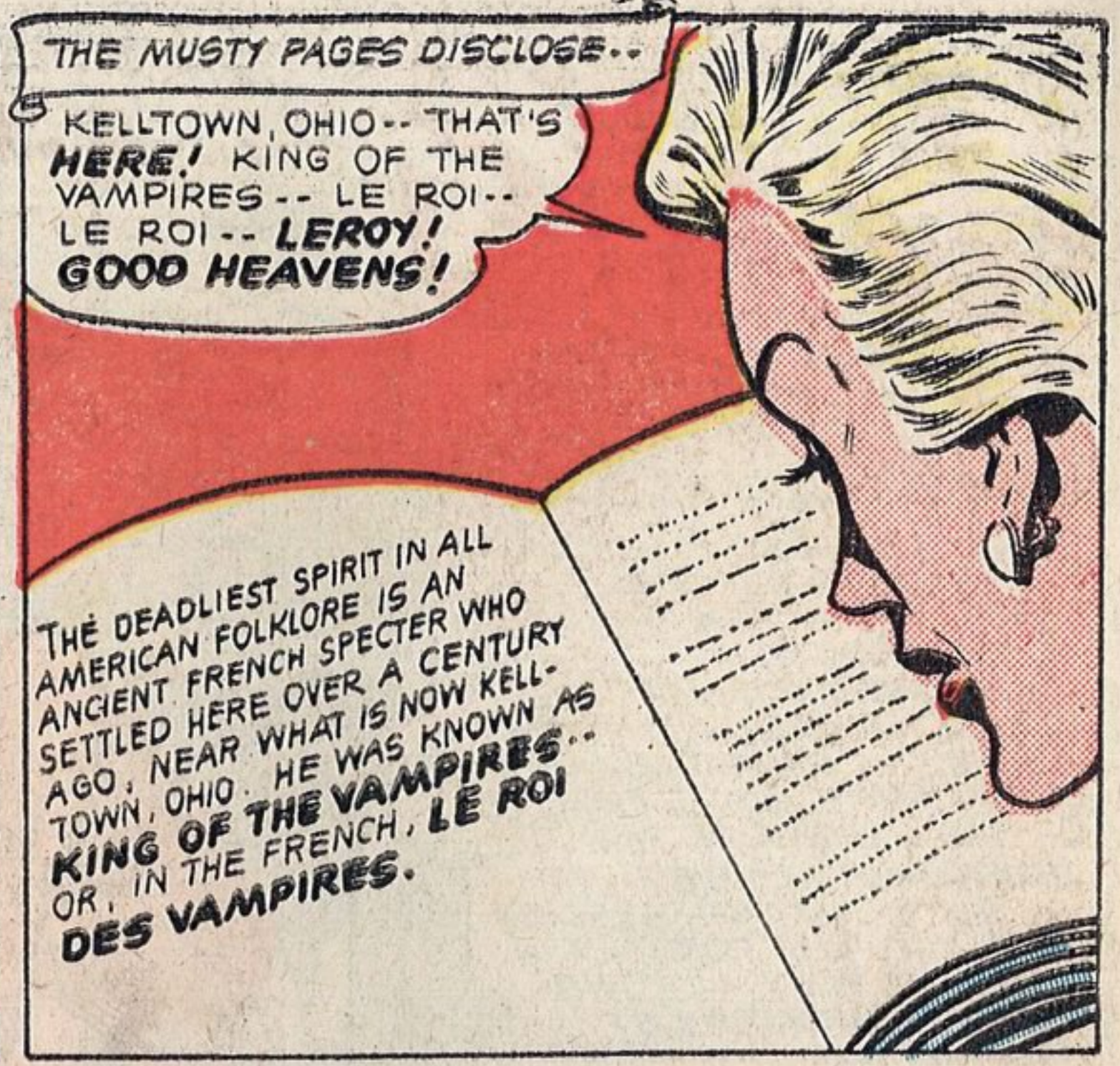
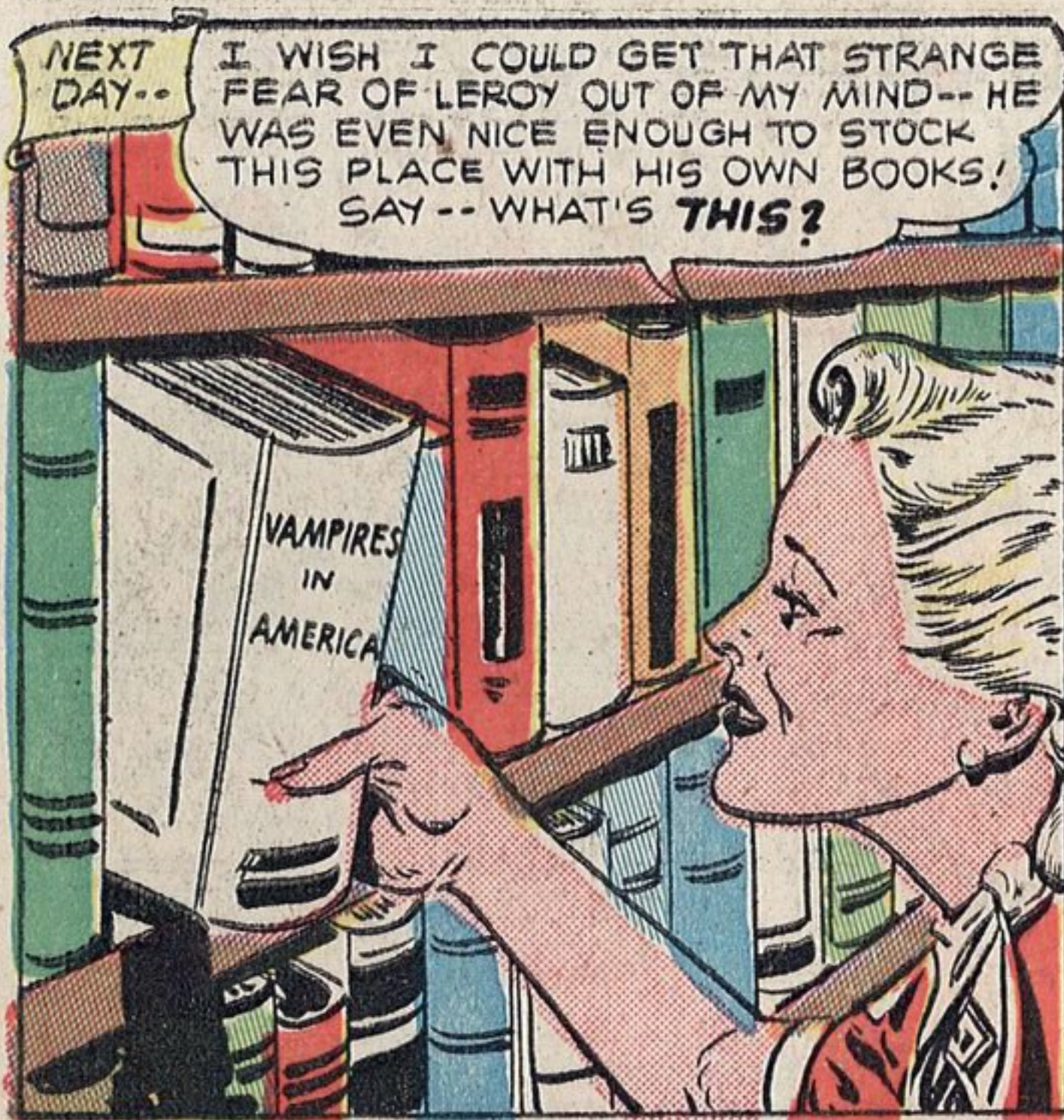


SUDDENLY-- A STRANGELY-PALE AND RIGID GIRL ENTERS--

OH, BY THE WAY, THIS IS **JANE**-- THE MAID YOU ASKED ME TO HIRE!

THANKS, LEROY! I'M SURE SHE'LL BE QUITE COMPETENT!







NO, PLEASE--
NOT **LEROY!**
NOT AFTER
ALL **THIS!**

GET A GRIP ON
YOURSELF, SUE!
HE'S JUST A HARM-
LESS GUY-- AND
JANE'S HAD A HEART
ATTACK, THAT'S ALL!
NOW-- **I'M GOING!**

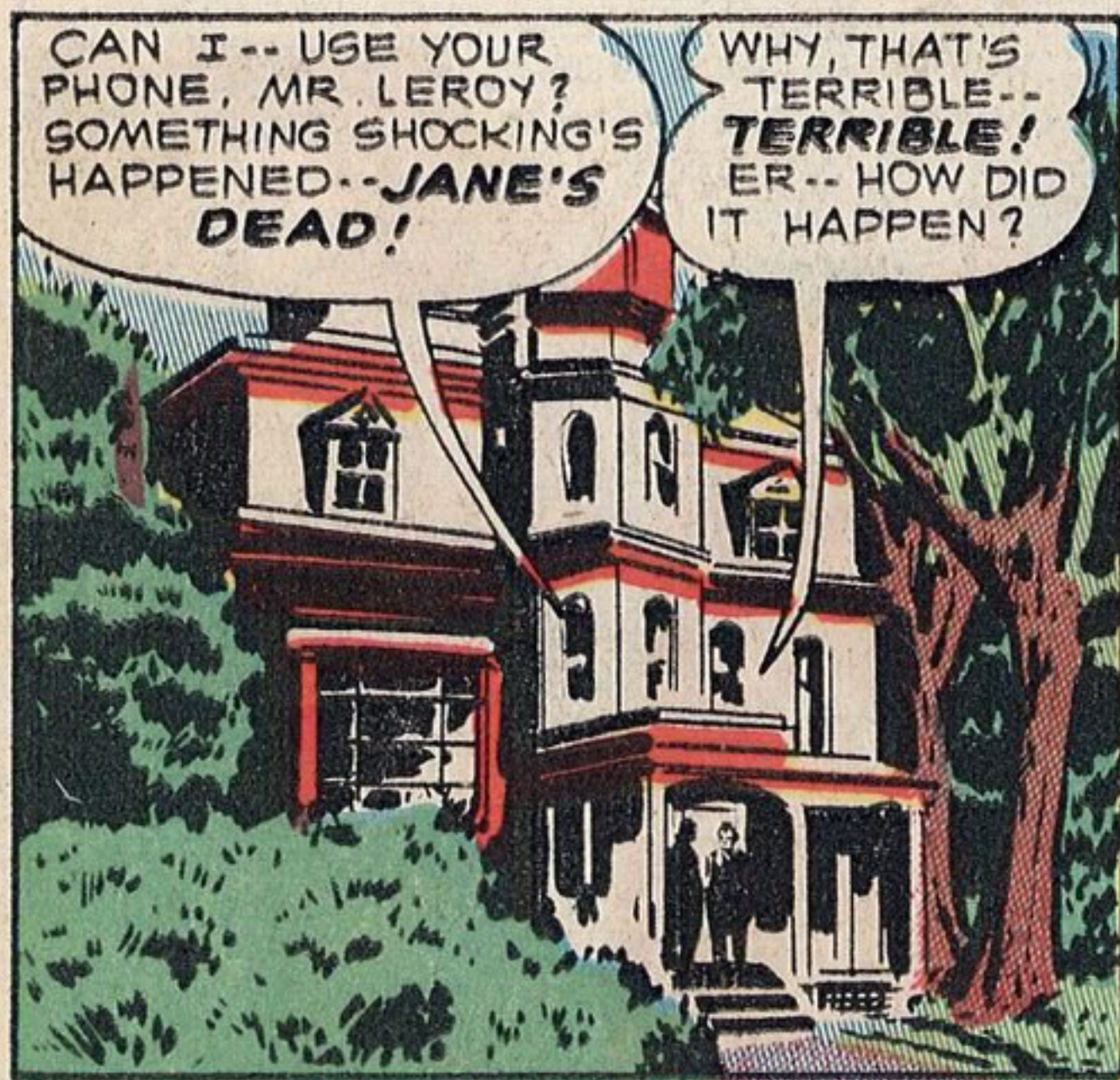


HE-- HE WOULDN'T LISTEN!
IF ONLY I COULD **PROTECT**
HIM-- MAYBE THIS BOOK
ON **VAMPIRES**
CAN GIVE
ME SOME
HINTS!



BUT IN-
STEAD-- NOTHING-- EXCEPT A
MARGINAL NOTE
SCRIBBLED BY SOMEONE
WHO MUST HAVE LIVED HERE
BEFORE US! AND IT SAYS,
"**LEROY MUST BE BEHIND THE
DISAPPEARANCE OF JANE,
THE MAID!**"

MEANWHILE -- AT THE STRANGELY MENACING
HOUSE INHABITED BY **LEROY** --



CAN I -- USE YOUR
PHONE, MR. **LEROY**?
SOMETHING SHOCKING'S
HAPPENED-- **JANE'S
DEAD!**

WHY, THAT'S
TERRIBLE--
TERRIBLE!
ER-- HOW DID
IT HAPPEN?



-- AND THEN SHE JUST
KEELED OVER! FUNNY
THING, THOUGH-- JUST
BEFORE SHE DIED, SHE
TRIED TO SAY SOME-
THING ABOUT YOU --
AND YOUR **HERD!**
WHAT COULD SHE
HAVE MEANT?

AH-- NOTHING FOR YOU TO
WORRY ABOUT! SHE WAS
PROBABLY **DELIRIOUS**,
THAT'S ALL!



SUDDENLY - AMAZINGLY--
**WHAT THE-- IT CAN'T
BE! THAT'S JANE
NOW-- BUT SHE'S
DEAD!**

PLEASE -- DON'T
EXCITE YOUR-
SELF! IT'S
MERELY
HER SISTER,
WHO WORKS
FOR ME!

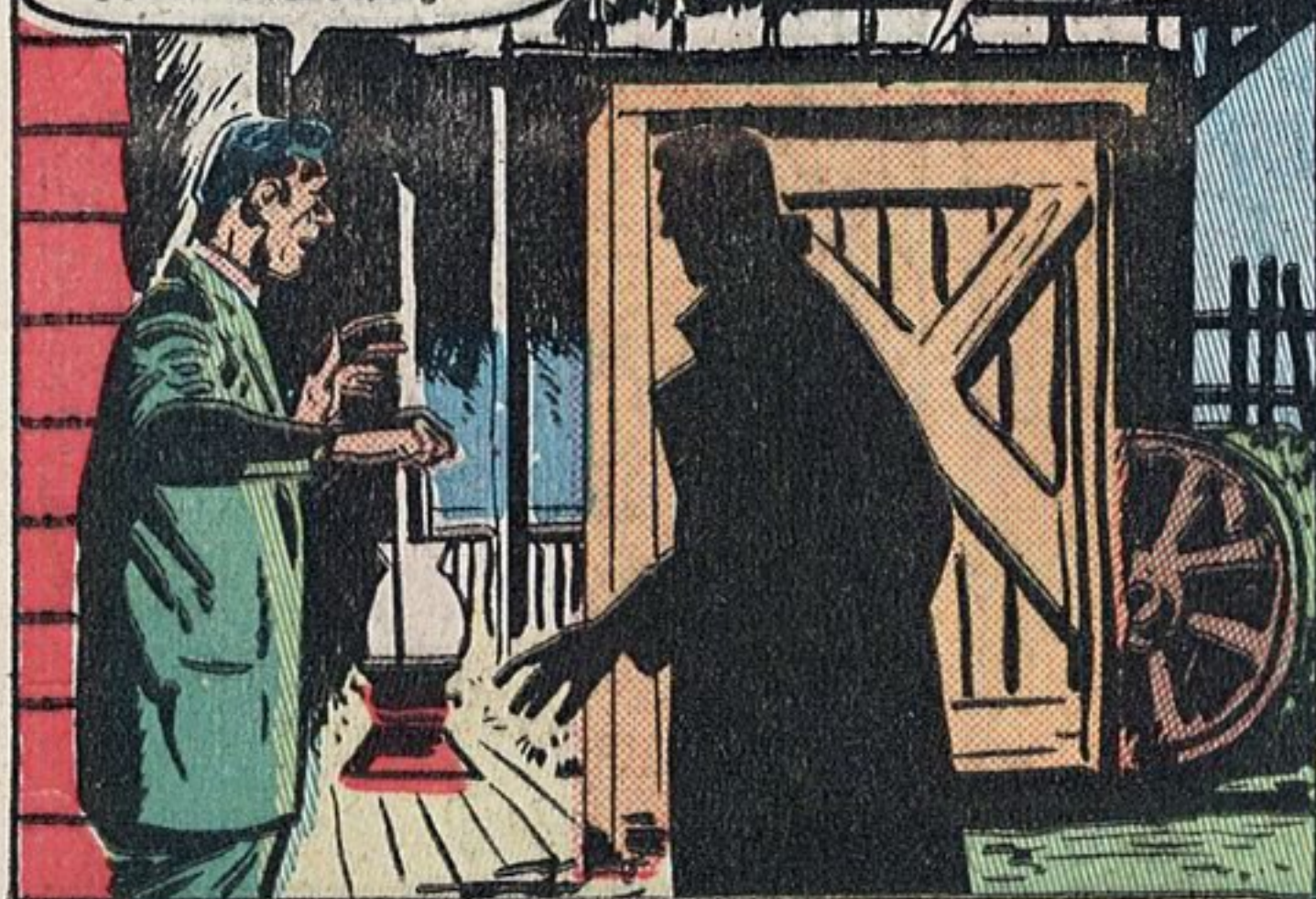


UH-UH-- I'M NOT BUYING
THAT! I KNOW JANE
WHEN I SEE HER, AND
THERE'S SOMETHING
PHONY ABOUT ALL
THIS! WHERE'S YOUR
PHONE?-- I'M CALLING
THE **POLICE!**

AN IMPETUOUS YOUNG MAN--
AND **RASH!** I CAN SEE THAT
THERE'S NO USE HIDING THE
TRUTH FROM YOU ANY LONGER!
YES, THAT **WAS** JANE--
WALKING--
YET
DEAD!

SHOCKED, AREN'T YOU?-- SO SHOCKED THAT YOU HARDLY KNOW WHERE I'M LEADING YOU! I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO SEE THE **HERD** JANE TRIED TO WARN YOU ABOUT-- **MY HERD!**

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO MY WIFE'S SUSPICIONS ABOUT YOU, LEROY! BUT I DON'T SCARE EASY, SO GO AHEAD-- **SHOW ME!**



LOOK FOR YOURSELF, FOOL! MY HERD-- **BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT?**

H-HOLY SMOKE! YOU-- **MONSTER!**



STALLS-- AND WITHIN THEM-- CREATURES THAT WERE ONCE HUMAN! DREAD CREATURES THAT NO LONGER LIVED -- BOUND BY SILVER CHAINS TO THE WILL OF A **DEMON FROM BEYOND!**

THESE ARE MY PETS, WRIGHT! YOU CAN SEE **NOW** WHAT HAPPENED TO MY FORMER TENANTS -- AND WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO **YOU!**

THEY WERE ONCE PEOPLE, LIVING PEOPLE! WHAT-- HAVE YOU DONE TO THEM?



NOTHING-- EXCEPT MAKE THEM **VAMPIRES--** LIKE **ME!** EACH NIGHT I SEND THEM ABROAD FOR PREY-- AND, LIKE DUTIFUL SLAVES-- THEY BRING IT BACK TO ME!

YOU-- **DEVIL!** BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET **ME--** OR SUSAN!



THINK NOT? YOU'RE JOINING MY HERD-- **RIGHT NOW!**

OH!!





IT WAS EASY! HE'LL
FEEL MY FANGS NOW--
**THE FIRST STEP IN
MAKING HIM ONE
OF US!**



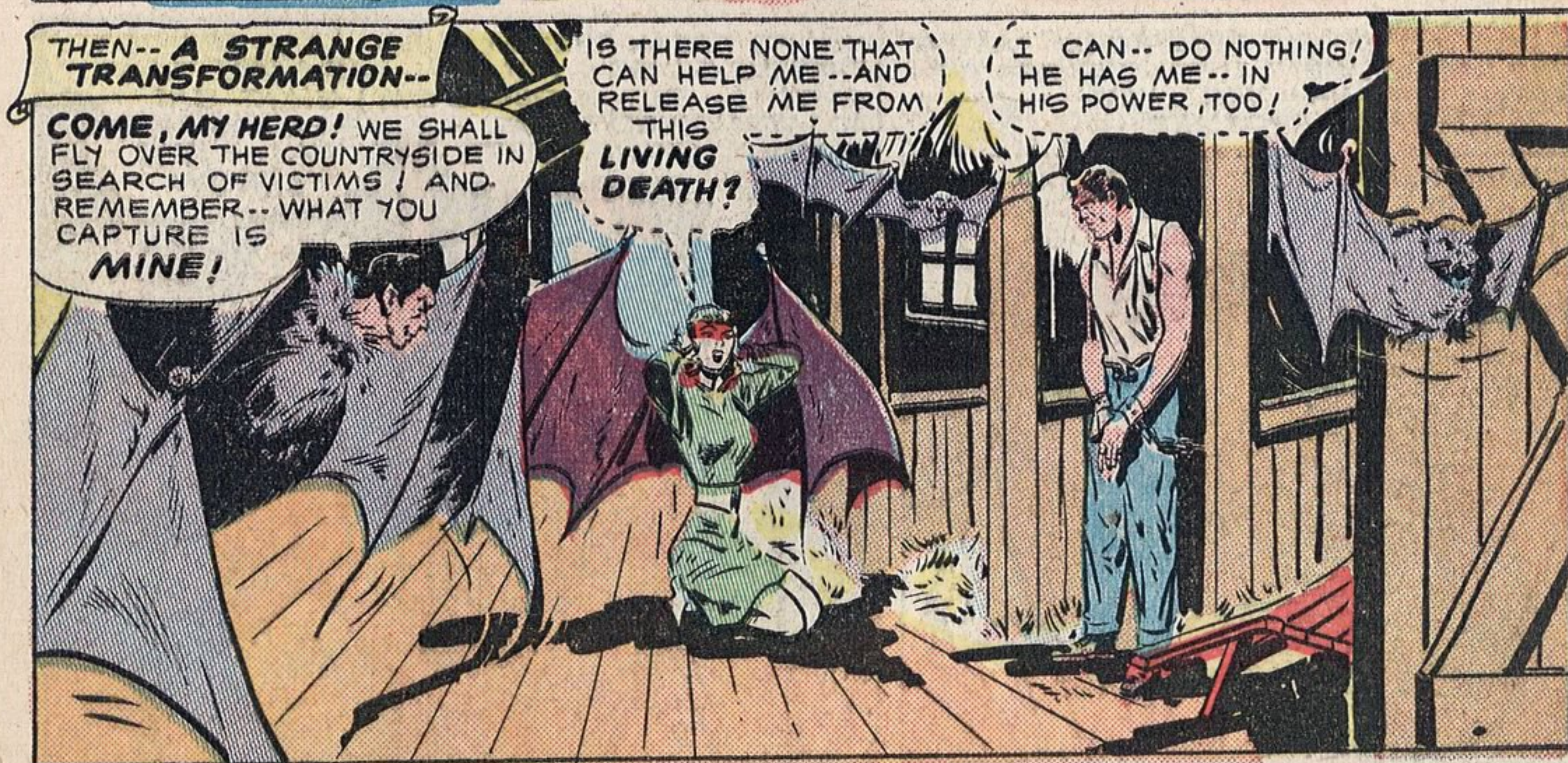
I--
FEEL
STRANGE
-- MY
THROAT--

AH, BUT SOON
YOU'LL BE
IMMORTAL--
AND FEAST
BENEATH THE
MIDNIGHT
MOON!



BUT YOU'RE NOT
READY TO CHANGE
INTO A VAMPIRE
YET! MEANWHILE,
YOU'LL KNOW THE
SERVITUDE OF
THE SILVER
CHAIN!

YOU ARE--
**KING OF THE
VAMPIRES--**
AND I AM--
**YOUR
SUBJECT!**



THEN-- A STRANGE
TRANSFORMATION--

COME, MY HERD! WE SHALL
FLY OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE IN
SEARCH OF VICTIMS! AND
REMEMBER-- WHAT YOU
CAPTURE IS
MINE!

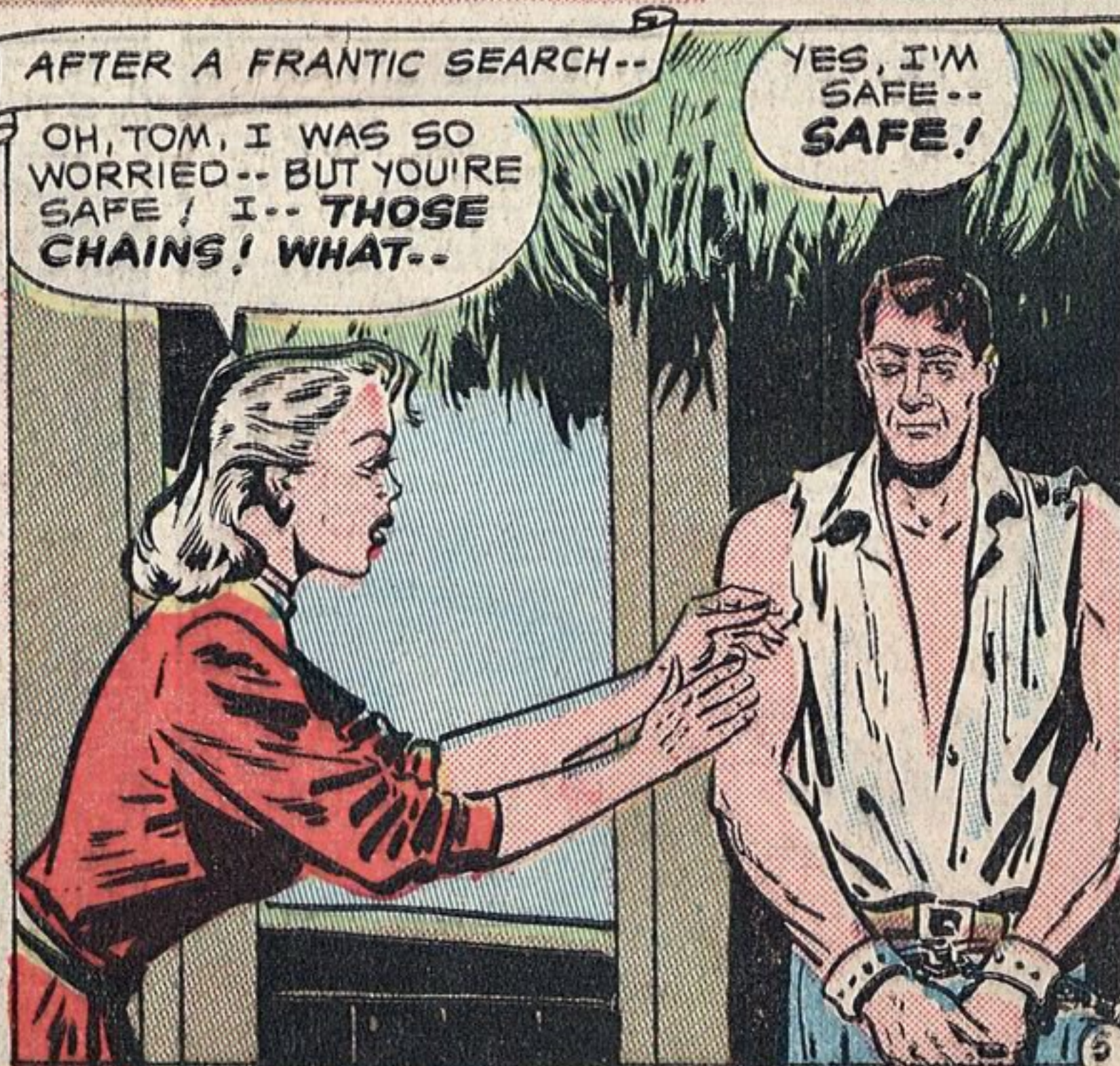
IS THERE NONE THAT
CAN HELP ME--AND
RELEASE ME FROM
THIS
**LIVING
DEATH?**

I CAN-- DO NOTHING!
HE HAS ME-- IN
HIS POWER, TOO!



MEAWHILE--
OUTSIDE--

THOSE HORRIBLE **BATS!**
--I WONDER WHERE
TOM CAN BE?



AFTER A FRANTIC SEARCH--

OH, TOM, I WAS SO
WORRIED-- BUT YOU'RE
SAFE! I-- **THOSE
CHAINS! WHAT--**

YES, I'M
SAFE--
SAFE!

AS SUEAN DRAWS CLOSE-- THE VISION
OF HIS MASTER!

YOU CAN BE ONE OF **US** NOW! YOU HAVE
BUT TO LUNGE, LET YOUR FANGS STRIKE
DEEP-- **AND IMMORTALITY**
IS YOURS!

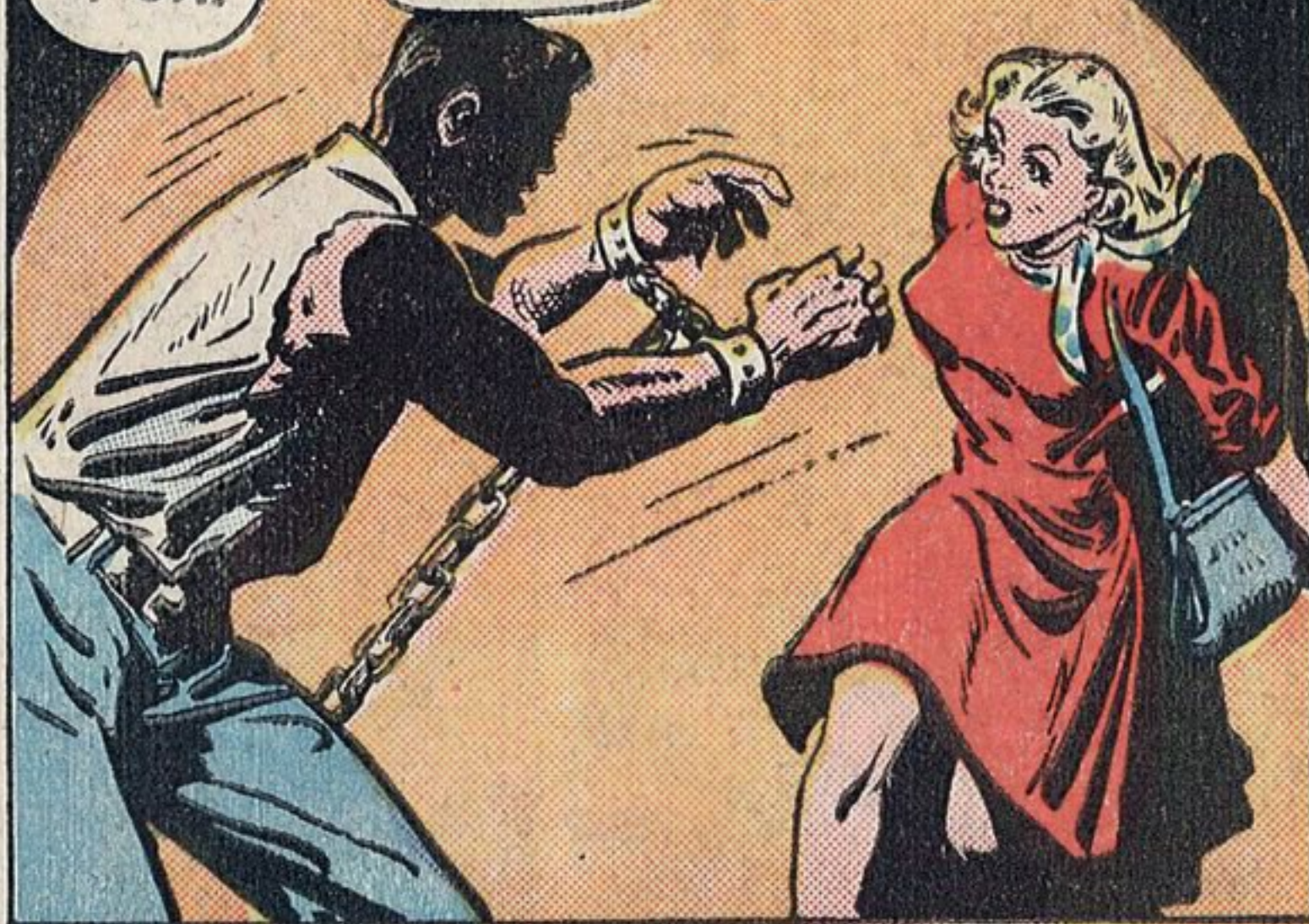
I'VE GOT TO--
RELEASE YOU!



SO-- GRIPPED BY A STRANGE, DREAD INSANITY--

NO, TOM-- **NO!** YOU'RE OUT
OF YOUR SENSES! IT'S **ME--**
SUSAN-- YOUR
WIFE!

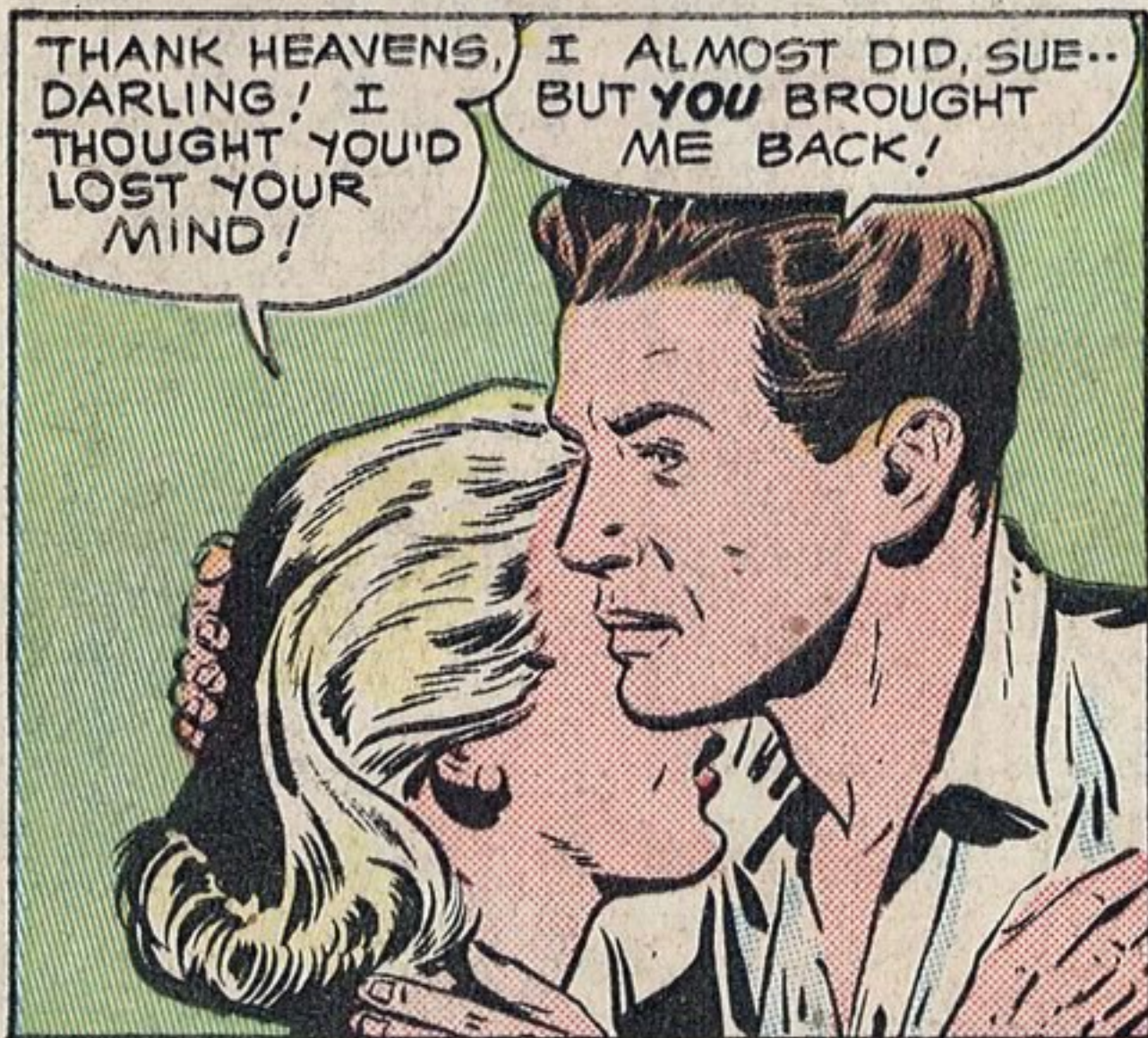
ARGH!



DIMLY, THE THOUGHT PENETRATES-- AND AT
THE LAST MOMENT, LOVE CONQUERS THE
LURE OF THE VAMPIRE! WITH
NORMALCY RESTORED--

THANK HEAVENS,
DARLING! I
THOUGHT YOU'D
LOST YOUR
MIND!

I ALMOST DID, SUE--
BUT **YOU** BROUGHT
ME BACK!



NOW TO BREAK THESE CHAINS--
THEY'RE SILVER-- NOT TOO
STRONG-- BUT I GUESS I'M
TOO WEAKENED! THAT
WOODEN STAKE YOU'RE
HOLDING--
MAYBE
THAT'LL
DO IT!

I'LL HAVE TO TRY
FAST! THAT
GIANT BAT
HEADING THIS
WAY-- **IT'S**
LEROY!



AS THE FETTERS SNAP--

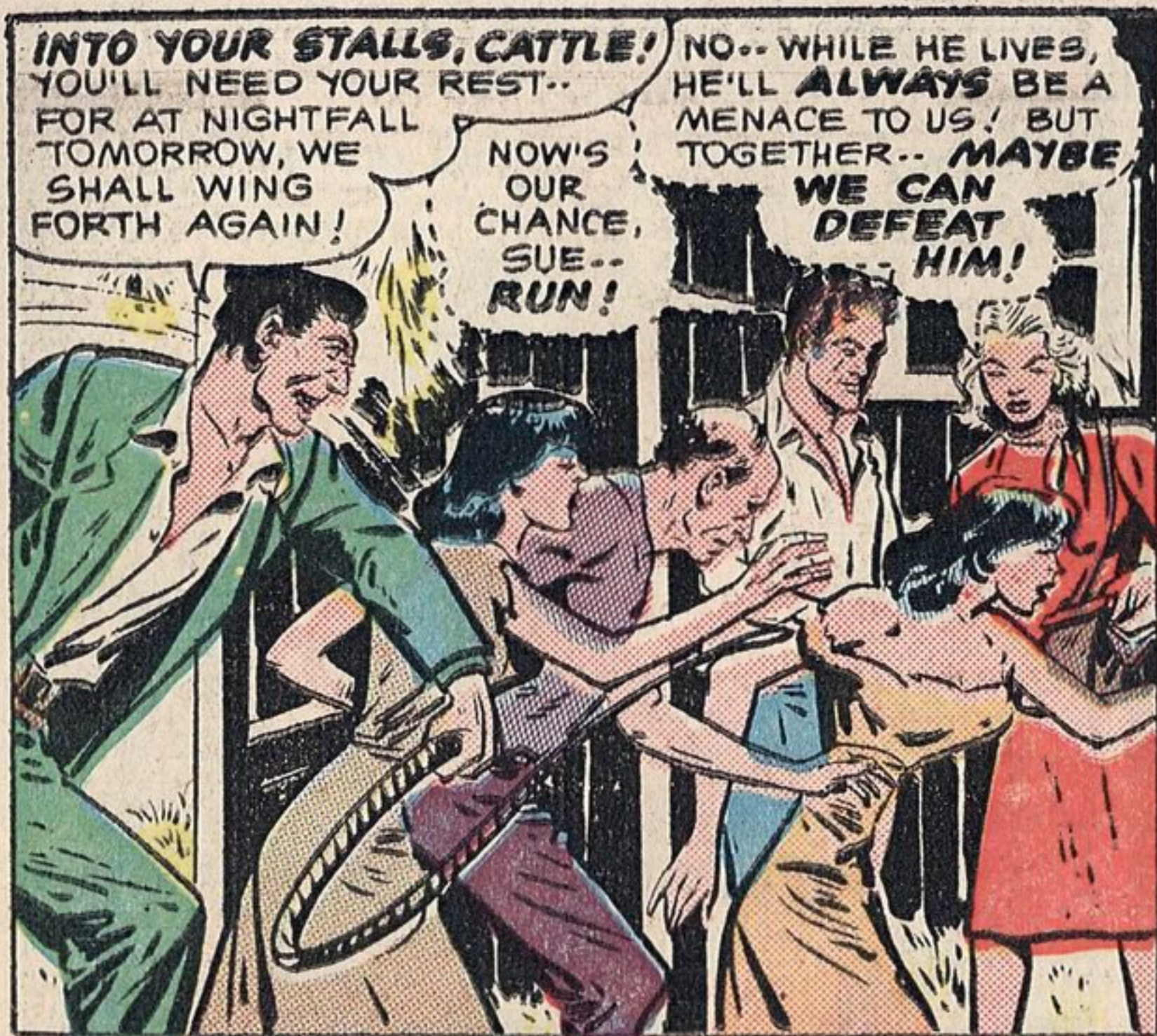
SO **SHE'S**
HERE!
A NEW
CONVERT
FOR MY
HERD,
EH?

I KNOW YOU FOR WHAT YOU ARE,
KING OF THE VAMPIRES-- AND
HOW TO DEAL WITH YOU! **I'M**
NOT AFRAID!



SO YOU WISH TO PIT YOUR PUNY HUMAN
STRENGTH AGAINST **MINE!** HA-HA!
FIRST I'LL ATTEND TO MY
PETS, AND THEN--
WE'LL SEE!

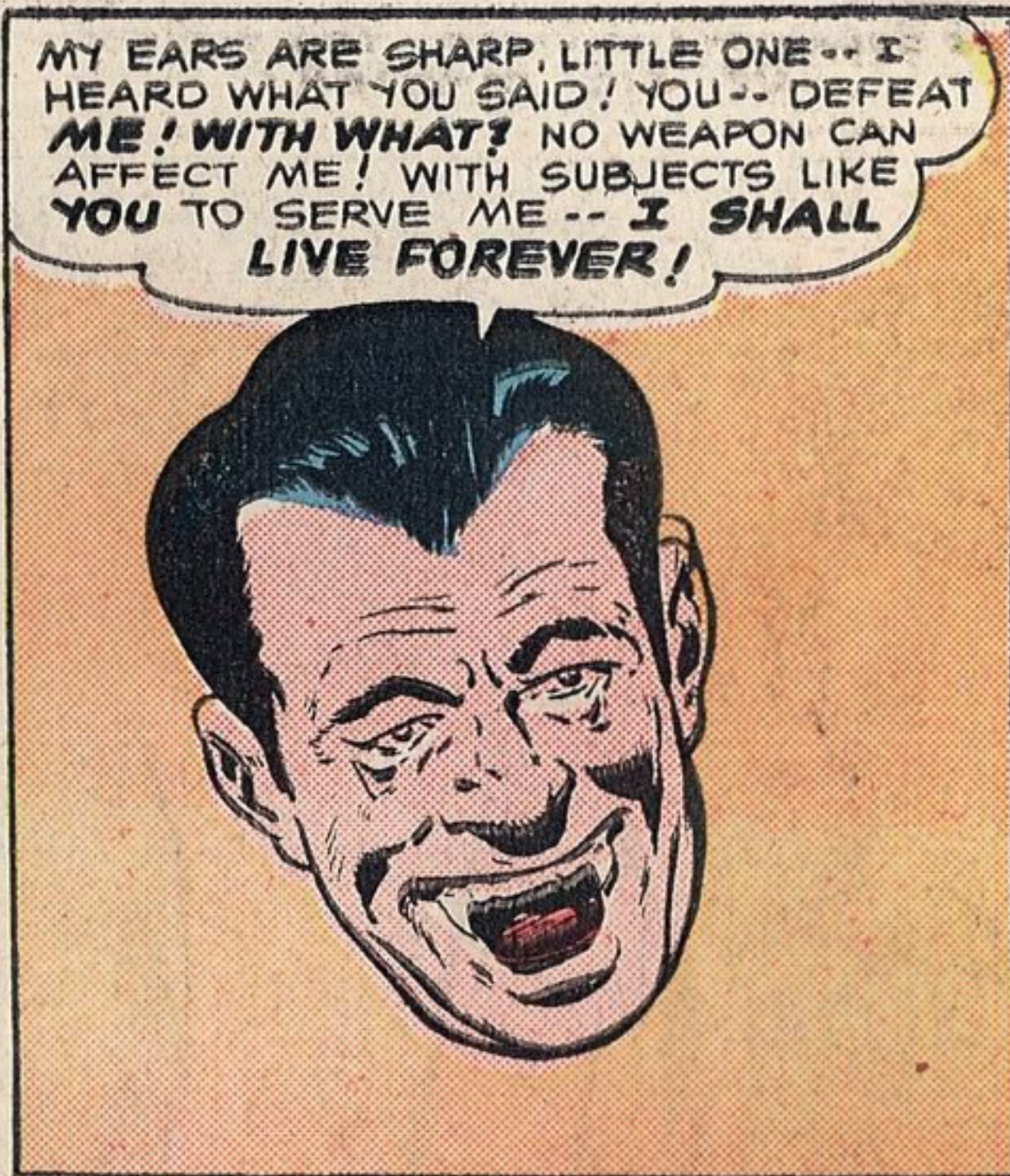




INTO YOUR STALLS, CATTLE! YOU'LL NEED YOUR REST-- FOR AT NIGHTFALL TOMORROW, WE SHALL WING FORTH AGAIN!

NOW'S OUR CHANCE, SUE-- RUN!

NO-- WHILE HE LIVES, HE'LL ALWAYS BE A MENACE TO US! BUT TOGETHER-- **MAYBE WE CAN DEFEAT HIM!**



MY EARS ARE SHARP, LITTLE ONE-- I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID! YOU-- DEFEAT ME! WITH WHAT? NO WEAPON CAN AFFECT ME! WITH SUBJECTS LIKE YOU TO SERVE ME-- **I SHALL LIVE FOREVER!**



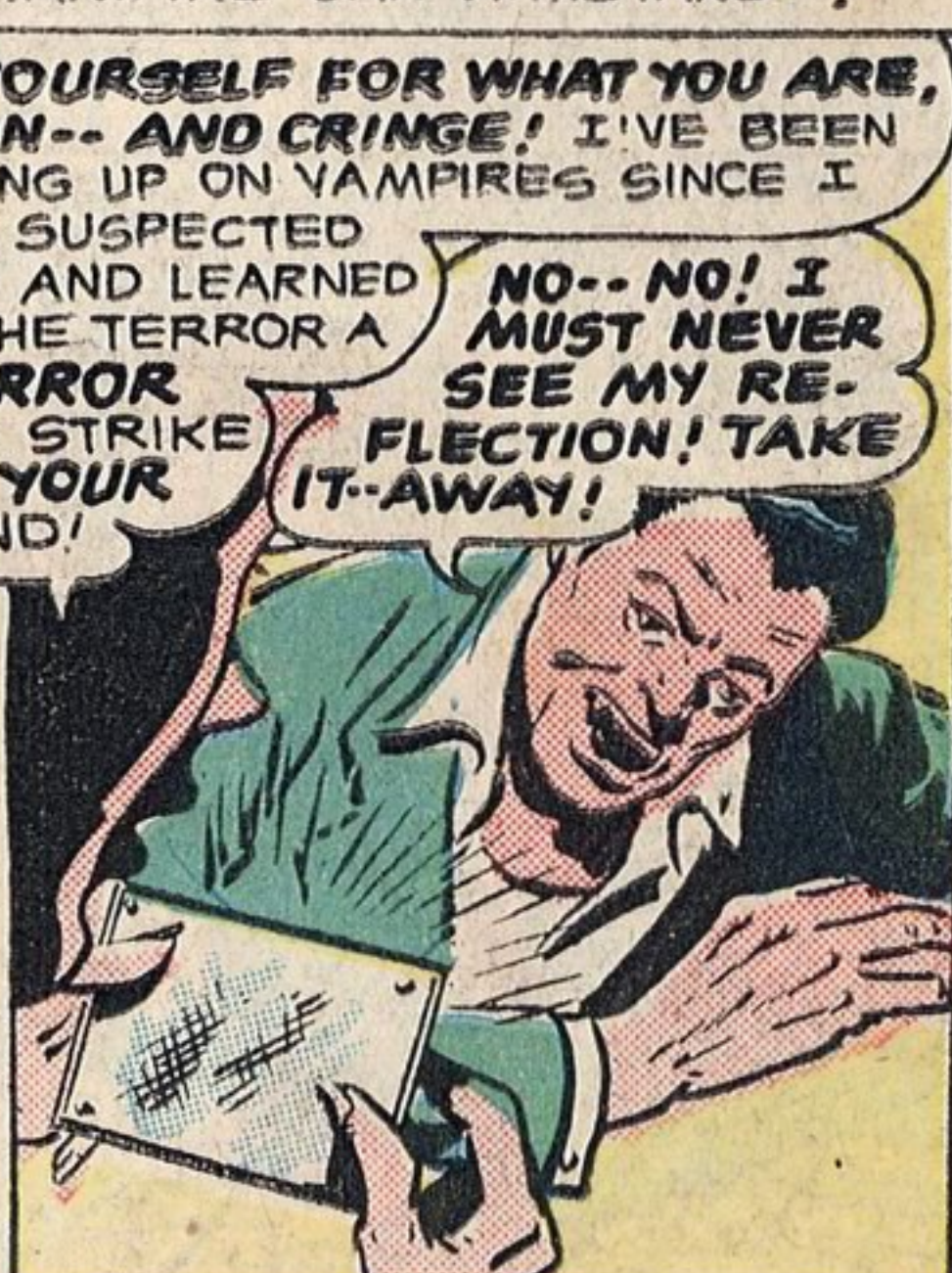
YOU MAY BE **KING OF THE VAMPIRES**-- BUT YOU'VE NO CONTROL OVER ME!

NO! PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE FEEL OF MY FANGS-- NOW-- AND YOU'LL BE MY SLAVE!



QUICKLY SUSAN REACHES INTO HER POCKETBOOK, AND--

-- WITHDRAWS A WEAPON THAT NO VAMPIRE CAN WITHSTAND--!



SEE YOURSELF FOR WHAT YOU ARE, DEMON-- AND CRINGE! I'VE BEEN READING UP ON VAMPIRES SINCE I FIRST SUSPECTED YOU-- AND LEARNED OF THE TERROR A MIRROR CAN STRIKE INTO YOUR KIND!

NO-- NO! I MUST NEVER SEE MY REFLECTION! TAKE IT-AWAY!



THEN-- JANE READIES THE **SECOND PART** OF HER PLAN--

QUICK, TOM-- WHILE HE'S STILL STAGGERED! DRIVE THIS OAK STAKE THROUGH THE MONSTER'S HEART-- OR YOU'LL REMAIN FOREVER UNDER HIS INFLUENCE!

I-- CAN'T! IT'S COMING BACK NOW-- THE AWFUL HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE WHICH HIS FANGS HAVE WROUGHT OVER ME!



AH, YOU SEE-- HE'S **STILL** UNDER MY CONTROL, AND ALWAYS WILL BE! MIGHT AS WELL PUT THAT MIRROR AWAY-- **YOU'VE LOST, MY DEAR!**

NO! IT WILL HOLD YOU OFF-- **WHILE I GO ON FIGHTING TO THE END, VAMPIRE!**

THEN IT BEGAN-- THE STRANGE AND EERIE
CONTEST FOR A SOUL--

I HELPED YOU SHAKE OFF HIS INFLUENCE
**ONCE, TOM-- AND WE'VE GOT TO DO IT
AGAIN-- FOR KEEPS! IF YOU LOVE
ME AND OUR LIFE TOGETHER--**

**USE THIS
STAKE!**

YES, OBEY YOUR
MASTER-- **USE
IT ON HER!**
**HEAR MY
VOICE--
AND
ACT!**

YOU CAN'T--
MAKE ME KILL
WHAT I LOVE--
YOU MONSTER!

**NO, DON'T! I'LL
GRANT YOU WEALTH,
IMMORTALITY! I'LL--
ARGH!**

AFTER 500 YEARS--
KILLED-- BY A MERE
HUMAN! AND ONLY
BECAUSE-- A WOMAN
IN LOVE-- LEARNED--
THAT AN OAKEN STAKE
THROUGH THE HEART--
**STILLS A
VAMPIRE
FOREVER!**

IT-- IT'S ALL
OVER! **I'M
FREE AT
LAST!**

AND WITH THE DEATH OF THEIR FIENDISH MASTER,
LEROY'S "HERD" BECAME--

**.. DUST!
THEY'VE
CRUMBLED
INTO
NOTHING-
NESS!**

THEY WERE KEPT ALIVE ONLY BY HIS
WILL, POOR DEVILS! BUT NOW
THEY'VE FOUND
**PEACE AT
LAST!**

NEXT DAY-- **HEY! WHAT
IS THIS? YOU
AND YOUR CRAZY
STORIES ABOUT VAMPIRES!
WE COULDN'T FIND ANY
CORPSES THERE-- AND
THERE WAS JUST A HEAP
OF DUST IN THE BARN!**

ER-- PERHAPS
MY HUSBAND
WAS JUST
OVER-EXCITED--
AND HAD A
NIGHTMARE!

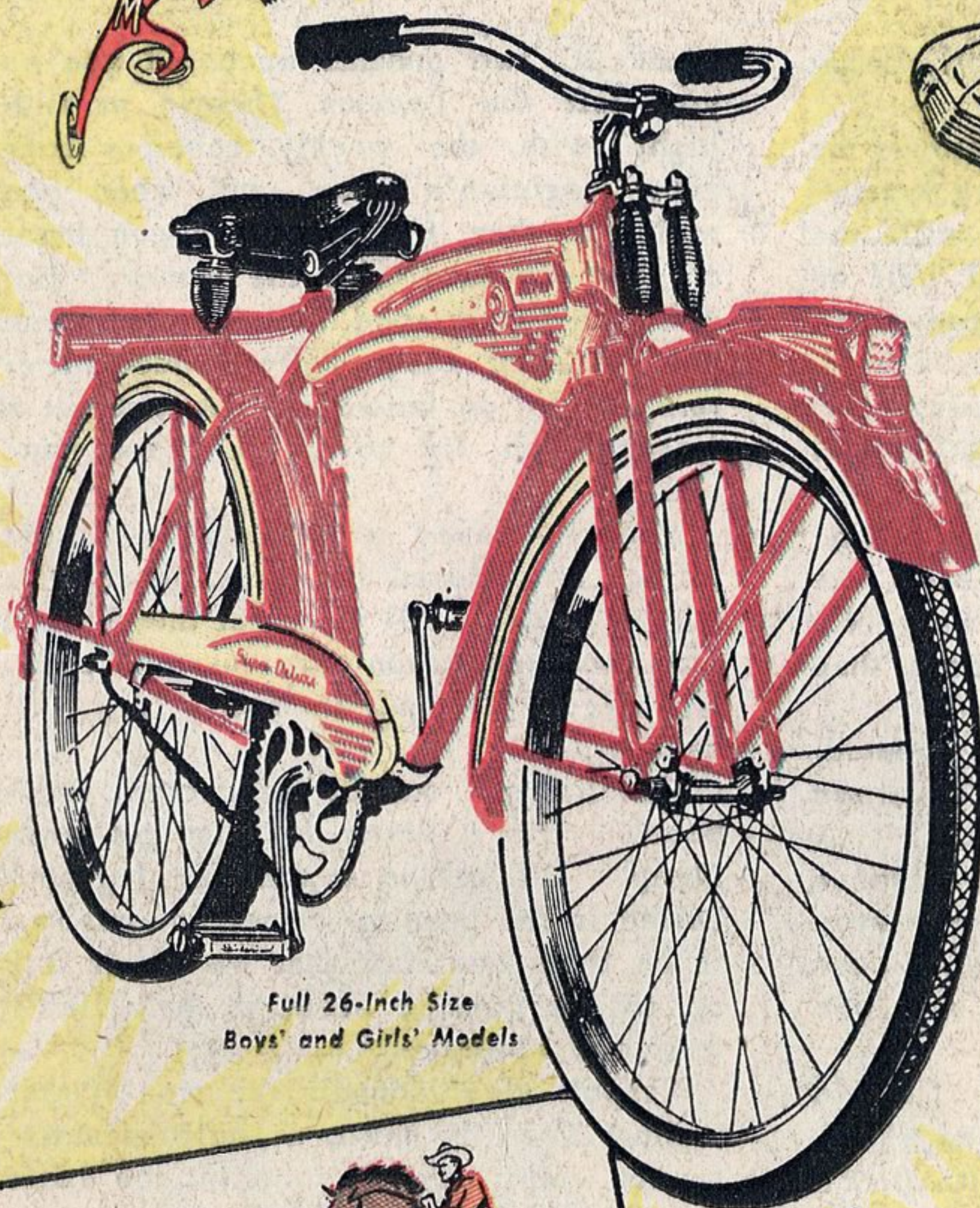
LATER--

I-- I
DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO THINK
ANYMORE-- MY
HEAD'S IN A WHIRL
**-- WAS
IT JUST
A DREAM,
SUE?**

I **HAD** TO TELL THE SERGEANT
THAT! HE'D **NEVER**
BELIEVE THE **TRUTH!**
AND IF **YOU** DON'T
BELIEVE IT-- **JUST
TRY DREAMING
AWAY THIS SILVER
CHAIN!**

the
END

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The WALKING LEG

66

MY LEG," CROAKED Vanpoll, "what did you do with my leg?"

One of the doctors gathered around the old magician's bedside murmured wonderingly, "Amazing vitality or will...the operation was only completed half an hour ago, and here he's already come out of the anaesthetic!"

"My leg," cried Vanpoll again, peering up at the doctors from his hospital bed. "Where is it?"

"We had to amputate," the second doctor said soothingly. "From the knee down. There were too many bullets in it...it was already more than half shot off..."

"Fools," the old magician shouted, "I know you amputated...but what did you do with the leg?"

"Oh...well, we usually...er, dispose of such objects in the hospital incinerator. But we haven't done so in your case yet, since the operation was only just performed..."

"You *mustn't* destroy it!" The old man's voice was a high-pitched shriek now. "You've got to *bury* it...**BURY** it, I tell you. In a regular coffin...and put a shoe on the foot! You've GOT to!"

"All right, sir," the first doctor said gently. "We promise to follow your wishes...but only if you lie down and rest...rest..."

Vanpoll sank back against the pillows again, a crooked smile twisting his lips. "Yes, I can rest now. But my leg will know no rest, until..."

The police lieutenant who had been outside the door of the hospital room now came forward. "I heard voices. Is he awake...can he answer questions?"

"Eh, what's that?" Vanpoll said, peering up at the officer from beneath his shaggy white brows. "What kind of questions?"

Lt. Conroy pressed closer to the bed, pad and pencil at the ready. "About your assailants, sir. As I under-

stand it, two gunman accosted you as you left the Lyceum Theatre at midnight with the weekly receipts from your magician's show...and when you resisted, they fired a tommy-gun burst at you and fled with the money. But did you get a good look at them...can you describe them? We'll need *something* to go on before we can put out a dragnet and try to catch those gunmen..."

Vanpoll waved a hand airily at the officer and closed his eyes peacefully. "No, I couldn't tell you what they looked like...but you needn't try to catch them. My *leg* will find them...my *leg* will avenge me!"

"Delirious," one of the doctors whispered. "We'd better let him get some sleep. I'll see to it that his leg gets buried in the hospital cemetery tonight...if he finds out later that we didn't live up to our promise about it, he's liable to go mad with rage."

Vanpoll slept soundly the rest of that night. Towards dawn, a smile of satisfaction crept over his face...at the exact moment that terrified shrieks were sounding from the cellar of an abandoned warehouse at the other end of town.

A passing police car investigated the screams of inhuman fear and agony...and the officers found two men lying on the floor of the cellar, dying from savage blows around the head and face. With their dying breaths, all they could gasp out was, "The leg...the leg...!"

When the officers returned to headquarters with their report, and with the bag of money and the guns they had found in the cellar, Lt. Conroy was just going off duty. "So those gunmen were raving about a leg, eh?" he said thoughtfully. "Come on, boys...we're going to visit a cemetery!"

An hour later, looking down at Vanpoll's exhumed leg, Lt. Conroy murmured in awe, "The...the shoe was clean when they buried it...but now its toe is caked with dried blood and human hair!"

THE RETURN OF THE WEREWOLF



THIS IS THE STORY OF A FIEND THAT CAME BACK...KNOWING THAT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT WOULD BE THE SIGNAL FOR COFFINS TO OPEN....WITH TWO HELPLESS VICTIMS-WATCHING THE GRISLY REUNION! BUT NEITHER COFFINS NOR VICTIMS ARE THE **REAL** REASONS FOR **THE RETURN OF THE WEREWOLF....** WHEN IT SEEKS A THING IT CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT!!!

ONE EVENING....

HONEY, I KNOW YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD A YEN FOR A FUR PIECE..... AND I LIKE TO PRODUCE!

OH, DAVE.... YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE! NOT ON THE SALARY YOU DRAW AT THE MUNICIPAL TAX OFFICE!



GOOD HEAVENS—IT'S NOTHING BUT A **WOLF SKIN!**

GOSH, GINNY.....I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D TAKE ME SERIOUSLY! I BROUGHT IT FOR A GAG!

AFTER ALL...IT LOOKS ALMOST LIKE NEW... EVEN IF IT **IS** CHEWED UP IN PLACES!

DARLING.....DON'T MAKE ANY EXCUSES! IT'S THE ONLY FUR PIECE I'LL NEED... UNTIL WE'RE MARRIED AND CAN AFFORD SOMETHING BETTER!





IT'S FANTASTIC...IT'S CRAZY...**IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!!**

BUT IT **DID** HAPPEN....TO ME!
WHAT YOU SAW ENTER HERE WAS
BURIED AS A HUMAN....BUT A WERE-
WOLF WHOSE PELT HAS BEEN
TORN FROM HIS BODY BY HIS
OWN PACK **REMAINS**
BURIED ONLY A HUNDRED
YEARS! **THEN** HE CAN
RISE AGAIN....RECLAIM
HIS PELT.....



...AND SEEK
HIS PREY!

**DON'T
TOUCH ME!**



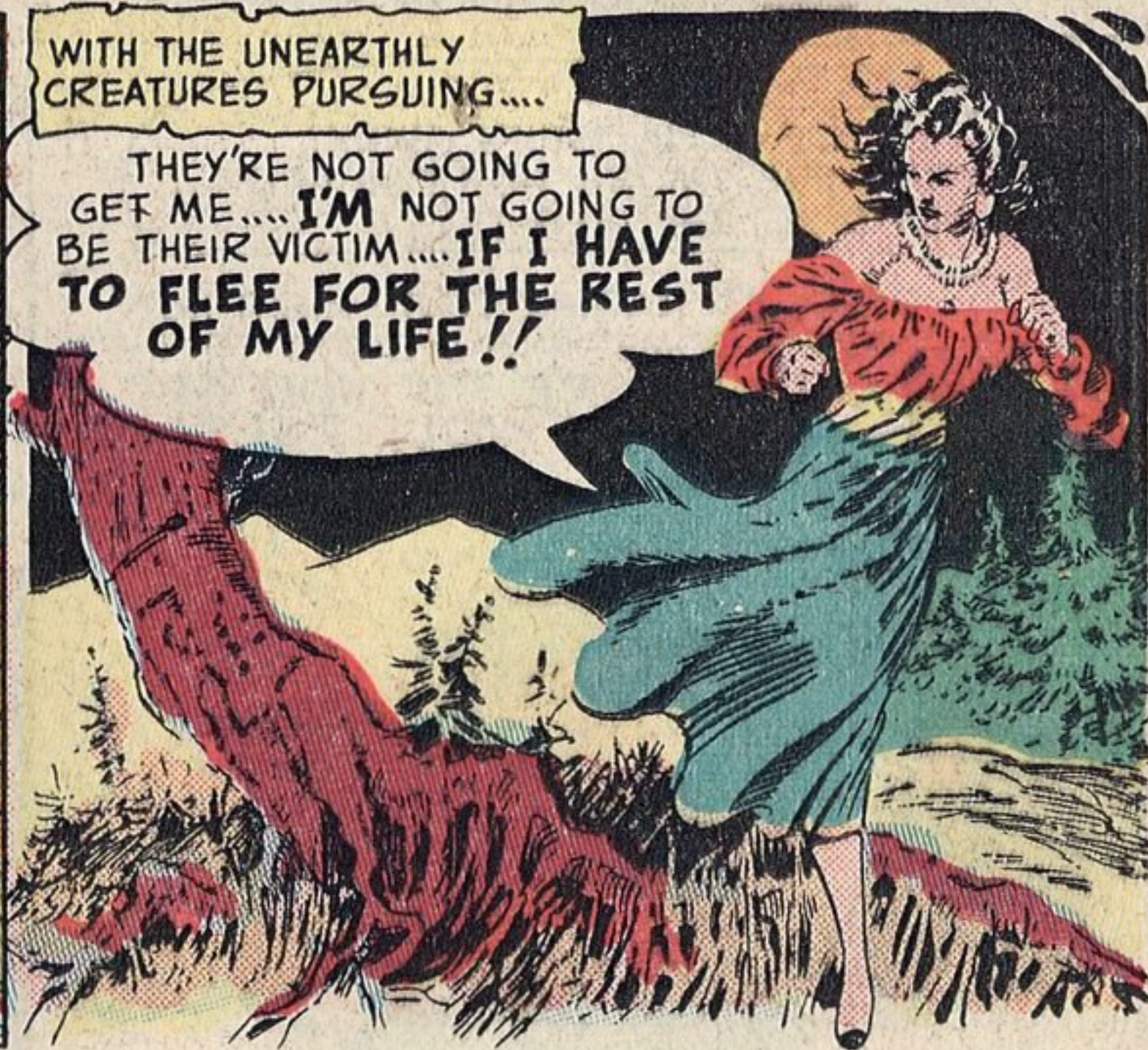
IN THE NEXT SECOND...



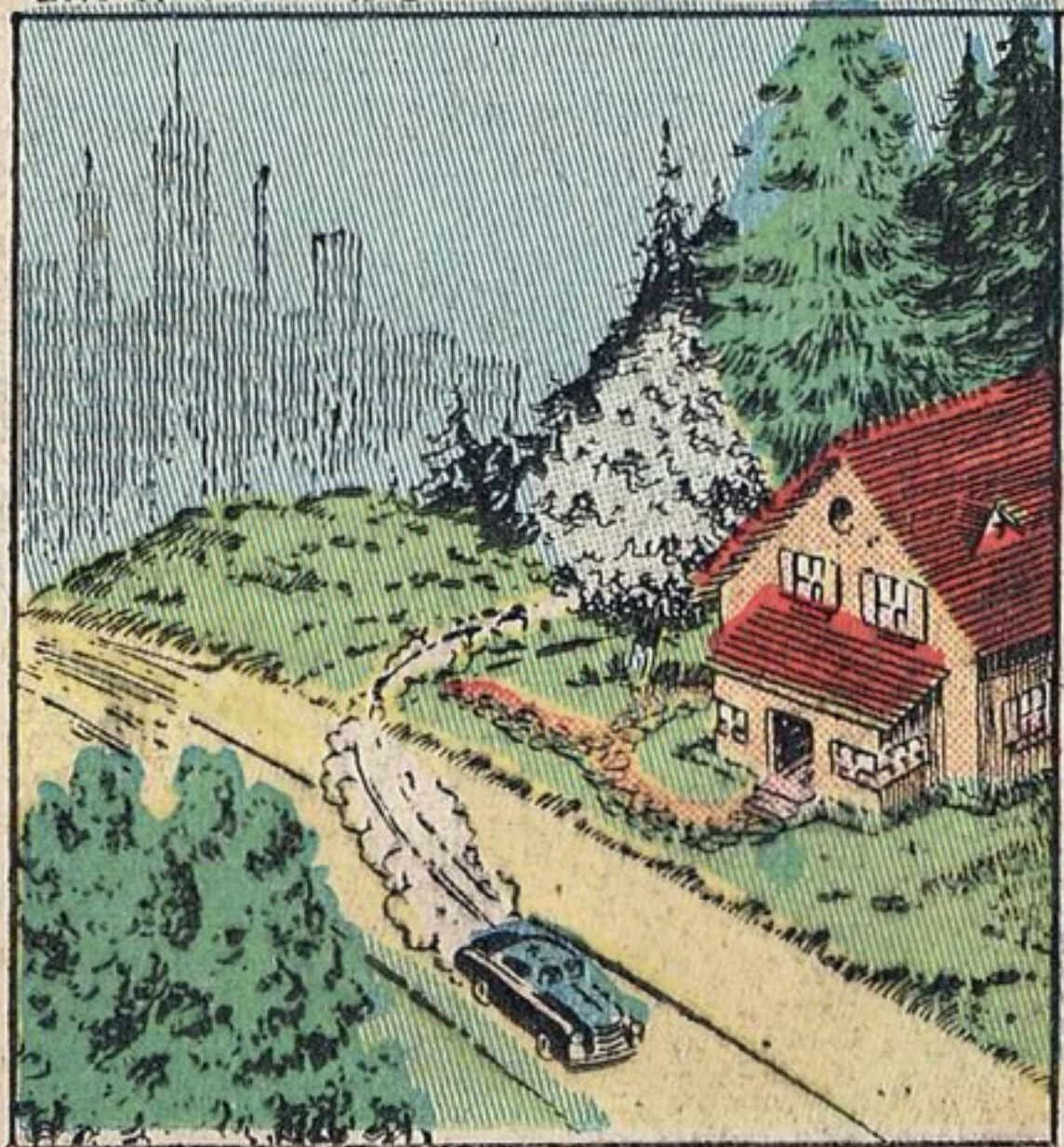
OHH!

WITH THE UNEARTHLY
CREATURES PURSUING....

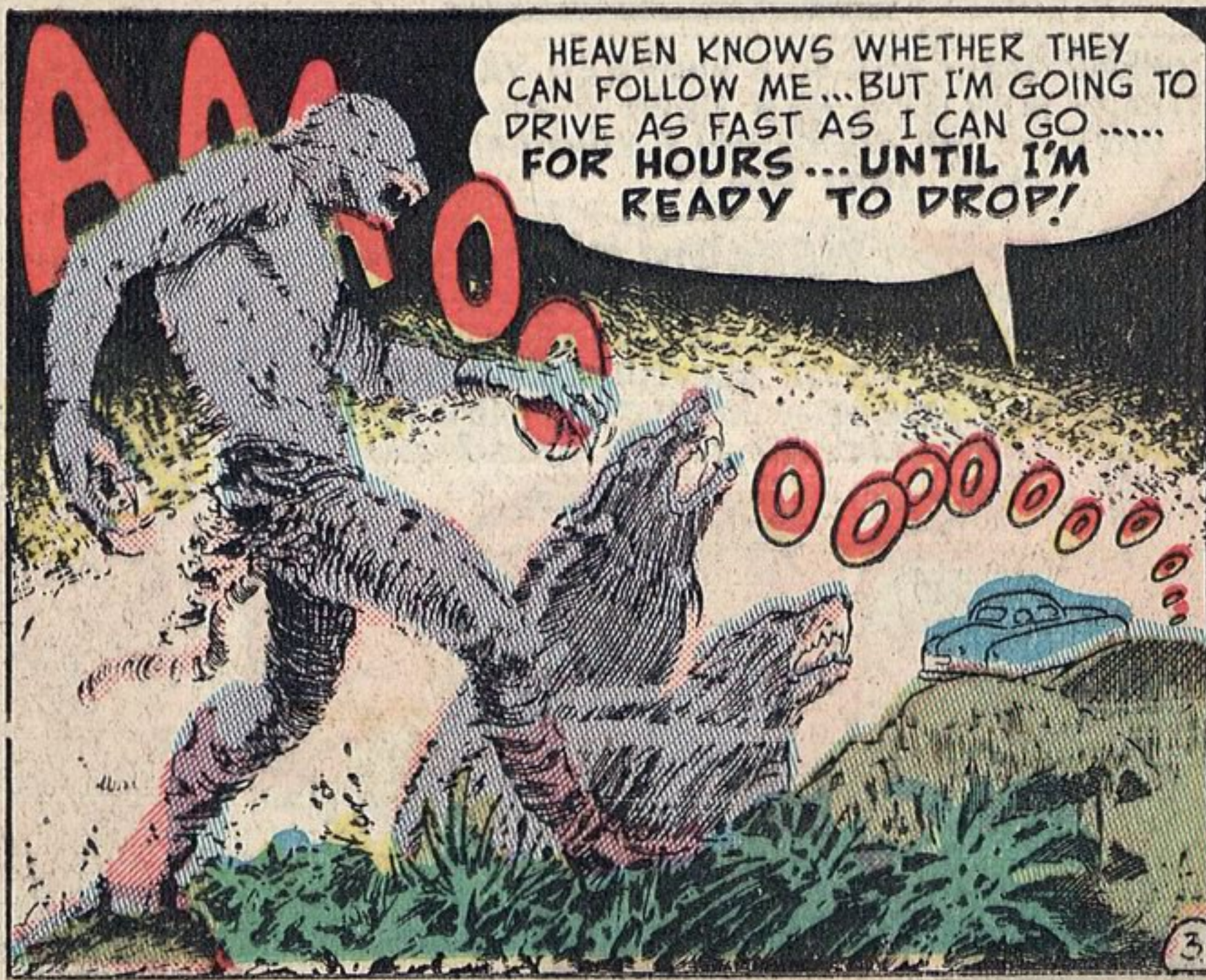
THEY'RE NOT GOING TO
GET ME....**I'M** NOT GOING TO
BE THEIR VICTIM....**IF I HAVE
TO FLEE FOR THE REST
OF MY LIFE!!**



GINNY REACHES HER CAR JUST IN TIME....



HEAVEN KNOWS WHETHER THEY
CAN FOLLOW ME...BUT I'M GOING TO
DRIVE AS FAST AS I CAN GO.....
**FOR HOURS...UNTIL I'M
READY TO DROP!**



NEXT MORNING, AT CITY HALL—

GINNY! GREAT GUNS, WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK HALF DEAD!

I'VE BEEN DRIVING, DAVE..... DRIVING ALL NIGHT..... TO GET AWAY FROM **THEM!**



YOU'RE WITHIN INCHES OF COMPLETE HYSTERIA! BEFORE YOU SAY **ANYTHING**, HONEY.... I'M PHONING DR. PARKER DOWN IN THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT FOR A SEDATIVE!



MINUTES LATER....

THIS IS POWERFUL STUFF, GINNY! YOU WON'T NEED MORE THAN ONE DROP.... BUT YOU'D BETTER TAKE IT!

DAVE.... I'D RATHER WAIT! RIGHT NOW, THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT.... **WHERE DID YOU GET THAT WOLF PELT!??**



THAT WAS PART OF THE STUFF TAKEN FROM AN OLD MANSION ON BLACK ROCK ROAD! NO TAXES HAD BEEN PAID ON THE PROPERTY FOR A HUNDRED YEARS.... SO WE SENT WORKMEN AROUND TO PICK UP THE FURNISHINGS TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION! NO ONE BID FOR THE WOLF SKIN.... SO I THOUGHT I'D BUY IT, STRICTLY FOR LAUGHS!



UNPAID TAXES—FOR A HUNDRED YEARS! THAT'S HOW LONG HE'S BEEN DEAD, DAVE — **THE WEREWOLF WHO CAME FOR THAT PELT!**

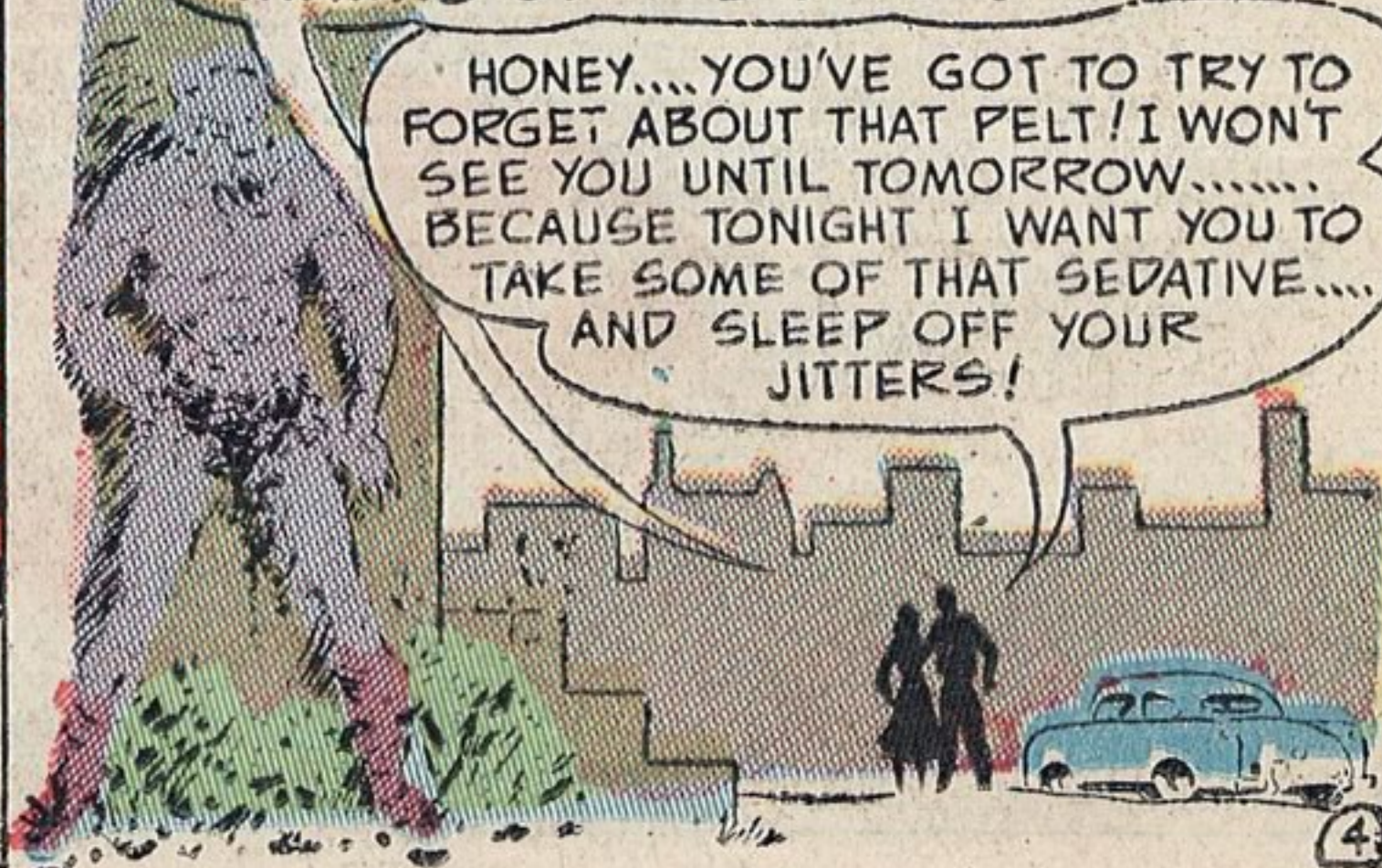
WEREWOLF! MY GOSH, GINNY, YOU ARE IN A STATE! GRANTING THERE ARE SUCH THINGS, OUR WORKMEN WENT ALL THROUGH THE OLD HOUSE—WOULDN'T THEY HAVE FOUND SOMETHING?



OUTSIDE—UNNOTICED IN THE MORNING HAZE THAT CREEPS AMONG THE SHRUBBERY—

BUT DAVE.... YOU REMEMBER SAYING THE WOLF SKIN LOOKED **CHEWED UP!** AFTER A WHOLE CENTURY, IT SEEMED ALMOST **NEW... EXCEPT FOR THE FANG MARKS OF THE PACK!**

HONEY.... YOU'VE GOT TO TRY TO FORGET ABOUT THAT PELT! I WON'T SEE YOU UNTIL TOMORROW..... BECAUSE TONIGHT I WANT YOU TO TAKE SOME OF THAT SEDATIVE.... AND SLEEP OFF YOUR JITTERS!



COULD A CREATURE LIKE ME
HOPE FOR ANYTHING BETTER?
NOT ONLY WILL SHE BE **ALONE**...
BUT HER DRUGGED SLUMBER
WILL REMAIN UNBROKEN....
**UNTIL SHE FEELS
MY FANGS!**

**THAT NIGHT, AT
THE MUNICIPAL
CLUB**

HI, DAVE! HAVEN'T SEEN YOU
AROUND HERE SINCE YOU
STARTED GOING STEADY
WITH GINNY!

SHE'S A
LITTLE UNDER THE WEATHER
TONIGHT, FRANK! COME TO
THINK OF IT.... **YOU**
DONT LOOK SO
HOT, EITHER!

IT'S MY NERVES, DAVE! MY HELP-
ERS AND I HAVEN'T BREATHED
A WORD ABOUT THIS TO ANYONE
..... BUT WE GOT QUITE A JOLT
WHEN WE CLEANED OUT THAT
OLD PLACE ON BLACK ROCK
ROAD THE OTHER DAY! IT MAY
SOUND QUEER.... BUT THERE'S
ONE ROOM WE DIDN'T TOUCH..
..... BECAUSE **NONE OF US**
HAD ENOUGH NERVE
TO OPEN
THE DOOR!

WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT,
FRANK? COME TO THE
POINT!

YOU SAW THAT WOLF
SKIN! WELL, IT WAS
RIGHT OUTSIDE **THAT**
DOOR!..... AND JUST AS
I PICKED IT UP... **WE HEARD**
SOMETHING! THEY COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN **DOGS**, DAVE..... BUT
THERE WERE THINGS SOMEWHERE
BEYOND THAT DOOR... **HOWLING!**

**HOLY
MACKEREL!**

CAN'T SAY I BLAME
THE GUY..... HE MUST
THINK I'M NUTS!

MINUTES LATER..

I COULDN'T CONVINCE
DAVE ABOUT THE WEREWOLF...
BUT AS MUCH AS I NEED IT,
I WOULDN'T **DARE** TAKE
ANYTHING TO HELP ME
SLEEP!

GOOD HEAVENS!

SLAM!

GINNY...WHAT
HAPPENED?

DAVE — THE
WEREWOLF! IT WAS
HERE AGAIN.....
JUST A SECOND
AGO!

HONEY, AT THIS STAGE I DON'T
KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE.....
BUT FOR MY OWN PEACE OF
MIND....**I'M LOOKING OVER**
THAT HOUSE ON BLACK
ROCK ROAD!!

I'M GOING ALONG, DAVE! I CAN'T
STAY **HERE** BY MYSELF...AND
NEITHER DO I WANT **YOU** TO
GO ALONE TO A PLACE LIKE
BLACK ROCK ROAD!

WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK!
TWO VICTIMS....AND ACTUALLY
COMING TO THE PLACE THEY'LL
NEVER LEAVE ALIVE!

THEN...UNAWARE OF THE WEREWOLF SPEEDING
LIKE THE WIND AHEAD OF THEIR CAR

I **STILL** HAVEN'T TAKEN ANY OF
THIS SEDATIVE, DAVE.....BUT MAY-
BE I'LL WISH I **HAD** BEFORE
THE NIGHT'S OVER!

A HALF-HOUR LATER....

THE MOONLIGHT'S STREAMING INTO MOST
OF THE ROOMS...BUT JUST THE SAME....
IT'LL BE PRETTY SPOOKY LOOKING
THROUGH A PLACE **THIS** BIG!

WE WON'T BOTHER WITH THE
EMPTY ROOMS, GINNY! WHAT
I'M INTERESTED IN IS THE
DOOR FRANK AND HIS MEN WERE
AFRAID TO OPEN!

THEN...WITH THE HOLLOW THUD OF THEIR FOOT-
STEPS ECHOING AGAINST THE MILDEWED
WALLS....

GUESS THIS MUST BE IT, HONEY.....
BUT AS FAR AS I CAN MAKE OUT.....
THERE'S NOTHING IN **THIS** ROOM,
EITHER!

HAA! NOTHING YOU
CAN SEE...BUT STEP
IN...**JUST A FEW**
INCHES!!

SUDDENLY..

HEY!!

EEEEEEK!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT.....

CRASH!



THAT'S WHERE THE LIGHT IS COMING FROM, DAVE....A ROW OF GLOWING COFFINS!

WAIT A MINUTE..... WHAT'S THAT?

HA HA HA HA



DAVE...THERE HE IS!!

I THOUGHT YOU TWO WOULD LIKE TO BE **CONVINCED**...THOSE ARE THE COFFINS IN WHICH MY PACK TOOK REFUGE..... WHEN I DIED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO! NOW THAT I HAVE RETURNED, THE WOLVES USE THEM AS A RESTING PLACE.... **UNTIL I SUMMON THEM AT MID-NIGHT!**



DON'T LET THIS CREEP GET YOU, HONEY! IF HE DIED **ONCE...** IT CAN HAPPEN **AGAIN!**

HA-HA-HA!! THINGS WILL **NEVER** BE LIKE THEY WERE IN 1852.. WHEN A WAVE OF RABIES RAGED AROUND BLACK ROCK!



THEN WE WERE AFRAID TO ROAM...WITH PEOPLE EVERYWHERE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR STRAY DOGS! A HOWLING PACK WOULD BE SURE TO ATTRACT ATTENTION... SOMEONE **MIGHT** HAVE TRACED US HERE.....AND FOUND A WAY TO EXTERMINATE US! I FEARED TO TAKE SUCH A RISK.....AND AS THE LONG NIGHTS DRAGGED ON.... I **STARVED** TO DEATH!



THAT I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE SEEN, CREEP!

YOU **WON'T...** BECAUSE I'M NOT STARVING **THIS** TIME! WE'VE **GOT** OUR PREY... AND I'LL BE BACK AT MIDNIGHT TO HELP THE PACK TEAR YOU **APART!!**



AS THE MINUTES TICK ON...LIKE THE NEARING FOOTSTEPS OF HORROR

IT'S 11:58! NOW I'VE GIVEN UP HOPE, DAVE.... EVEN FOR A **MIRACLE!**

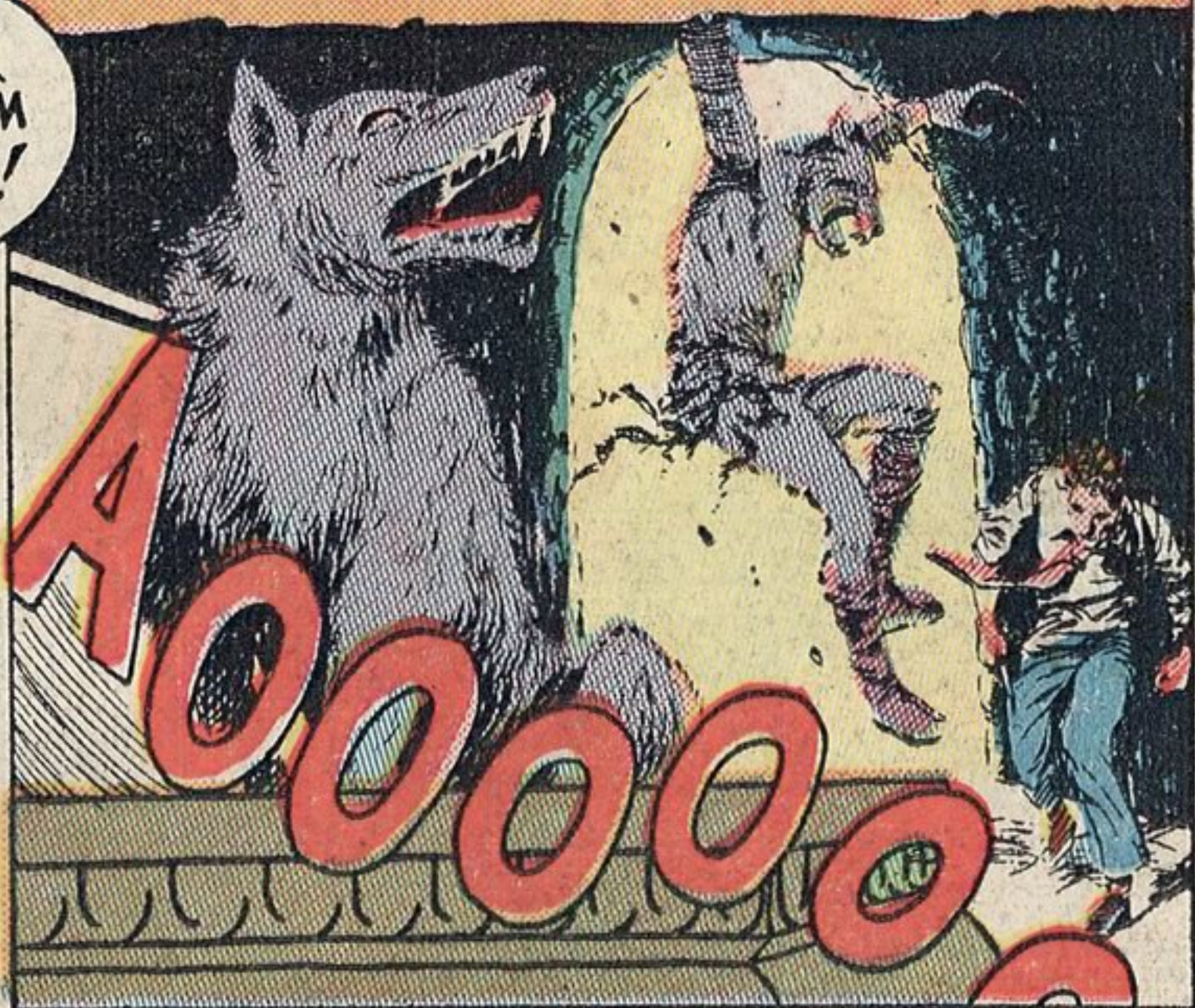
BABY....I'M NOT SO SURE OF THAT! LET'S HAVE THAT BOTTLE, QUICK.. **THE ONE WITH THE SEDATIVE COMPOUND!**

DAVE, IT'S NO USE! THERE MAY BE ENOUGH BARBITURATE IN THAT VIAL TO KILL A **HUMAN BEING**... BUT IT'S NOT GOING TO STOP A **WEREWOLF**!

TIME'S RUNNING OUT, GINNY! GET BACK—AWAY FROM THE TRAP DOOR... AND AWAY FROM **THOSE COFFINS**!

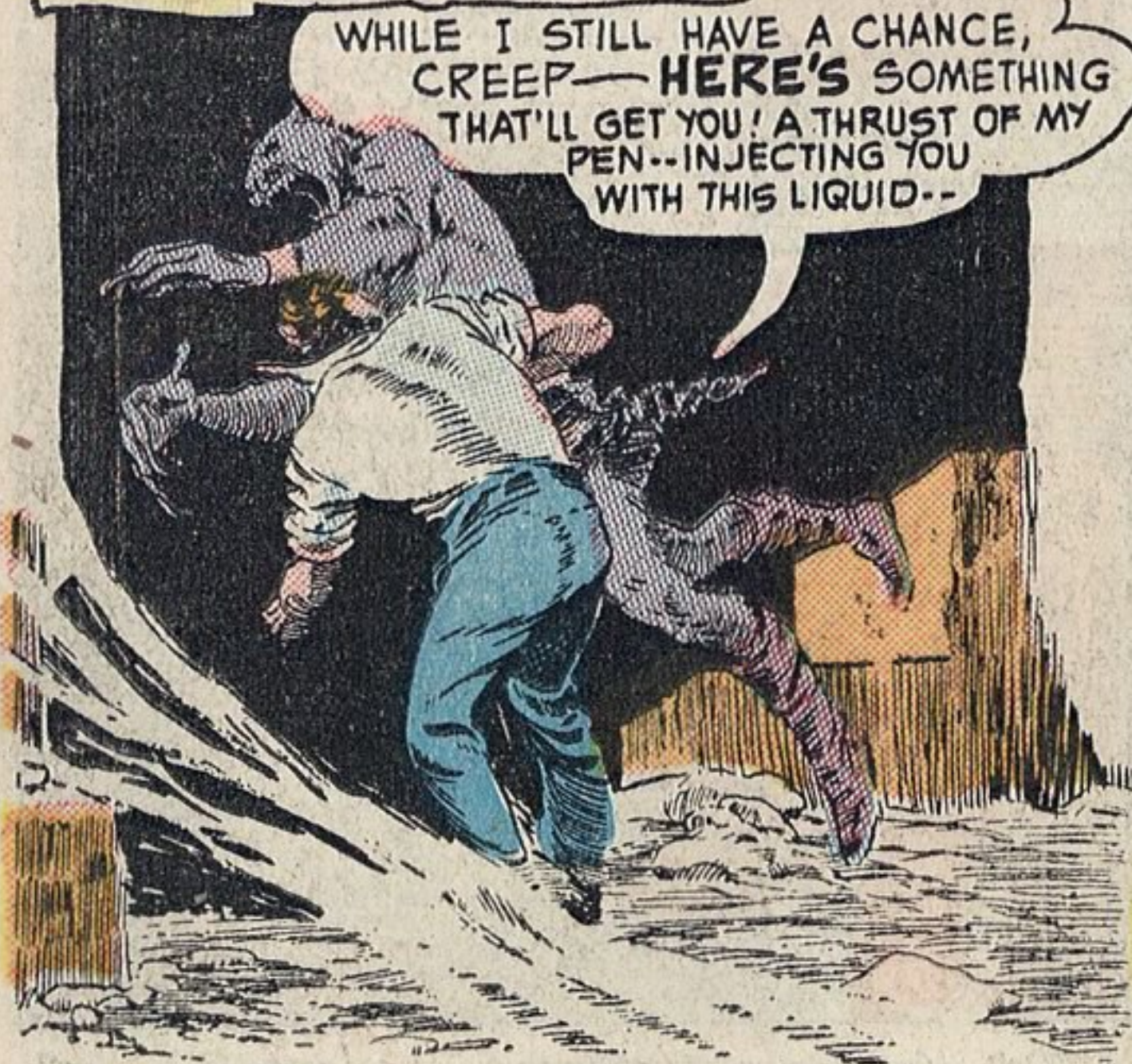


A SECOND LATER... AS THE FATEFUL TOLLING OF MIDNIGHT SOUNDS FROM A DISTANT TOWER.....



IN A SUDDEN RUSH.....

WHILE I STILL HAVE A CHANCE, CREEP—**HERE'S** SOMETHING THAT'LL GET YOU! A THRUST OF MY PEN—INJECTING YOU WITH THIS LIQUID--



FOOL! DO YOU THINK **THAT** WILL HELP YOU? PUMP ARGENIC INTO MY VEINS—OR ACID—**NOTHING** CAN KILL ME BUT **STARVATION!**

MAYBE NOT....BUT DOES THE **PACK** KNOW THAT? IF YOU **WERE** REALLY DYING, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY THEY COULD FIND OUT... **BY SENSING YOUR LOWERED PULSE!**

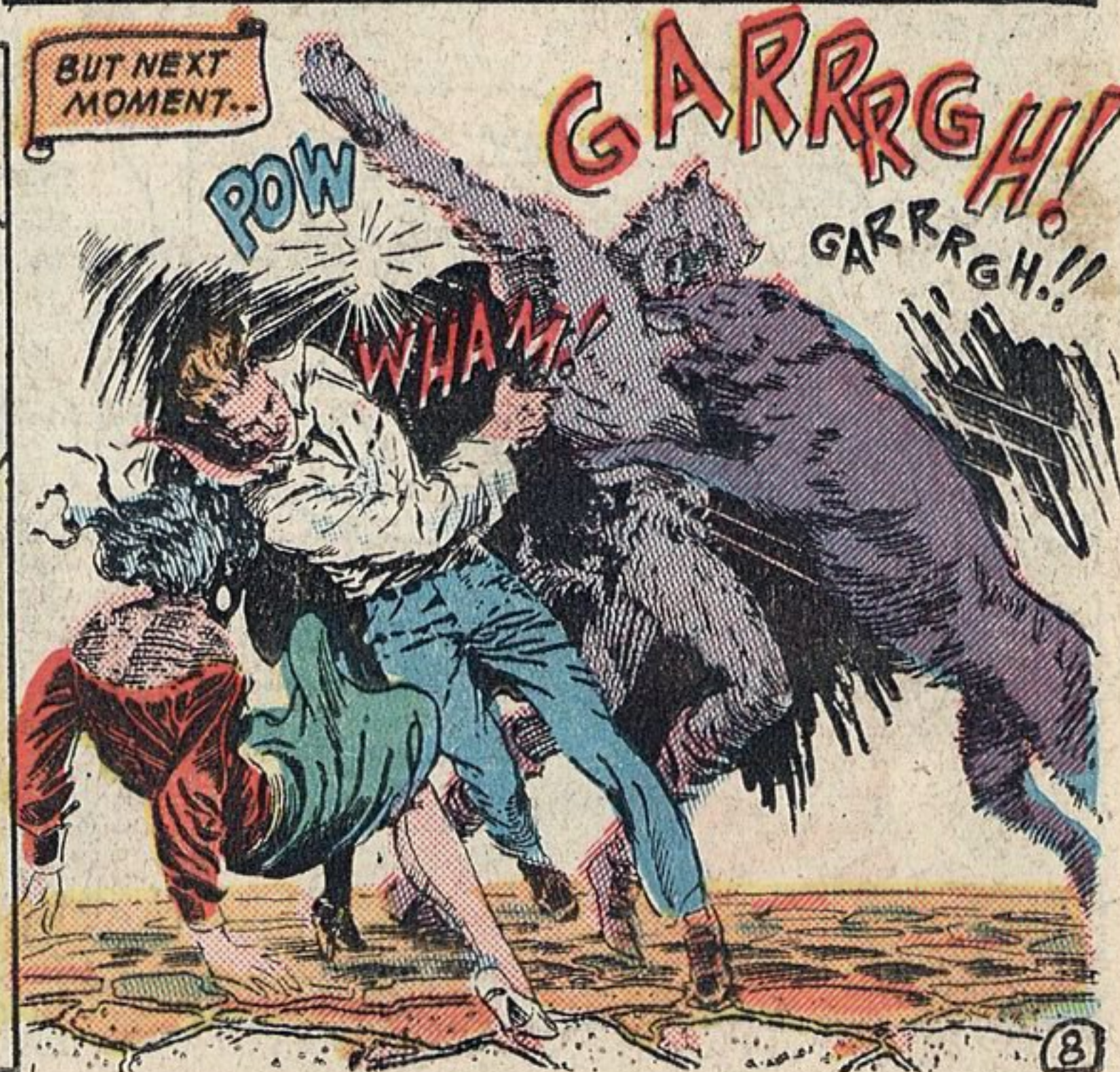


WELL, CREEP....YOUR PULSE IS FADING AFTER THAT **OVERDOSE OF SEDATIVE**.... AND AS FAR AS THOSE WOLVES ARE CONCERNED... **YOU'RE DYING!**

THEY'RE GROWLING AT ME! BUT IT'S A MISTAKEI HAVE AN ETERNITY TO LIVE AS LONG AS PREY ABOUNDS.....



BUT NEXT MOMENT...



THEN, IN A SWIRL OF FUR AND FANGS—

GRRRRR

NO--DON'T! YOU
WITLESS BRUTES...
IT'S A TRICK!



DAVE...IT'S HORRIBLE! THEY'RE RIPPING
THE FUR FROM HIS BODY..INCH BY
INCH!

YEP...ONLY **THIS** TIME, HE WON'T
REVIVE AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS
AND CLAIM HIS PELT! **THAT** COULD
HAVE HAPPENED ONLY IF HE'D
BEEN **DYING** WHEN THE WOLVES
ATTACKED.... AND SINCE HE
WASN'T....THEY'RE
ACTUALLY TEARING
HIM APART!

AAAGHH!

SECONDS LATER....RISING FROM THE TANGLED
MASS OF SHAPELESS FUR....

GR-RR!



.....AS THE LEADERLESS WOLVES LEAP FORWARD..

DON'T BE AFRAID, GINNY! THEY'RE RETURNING
TO THEIR COFFINS....AND I'M SURE OF
WHAT WE'LL FIND INSIDE!



AS AN AIR OF PEACE DESCENDS OVER THE MANSION...
LIKE THE FINAL LIFTING OF A CURSE.....

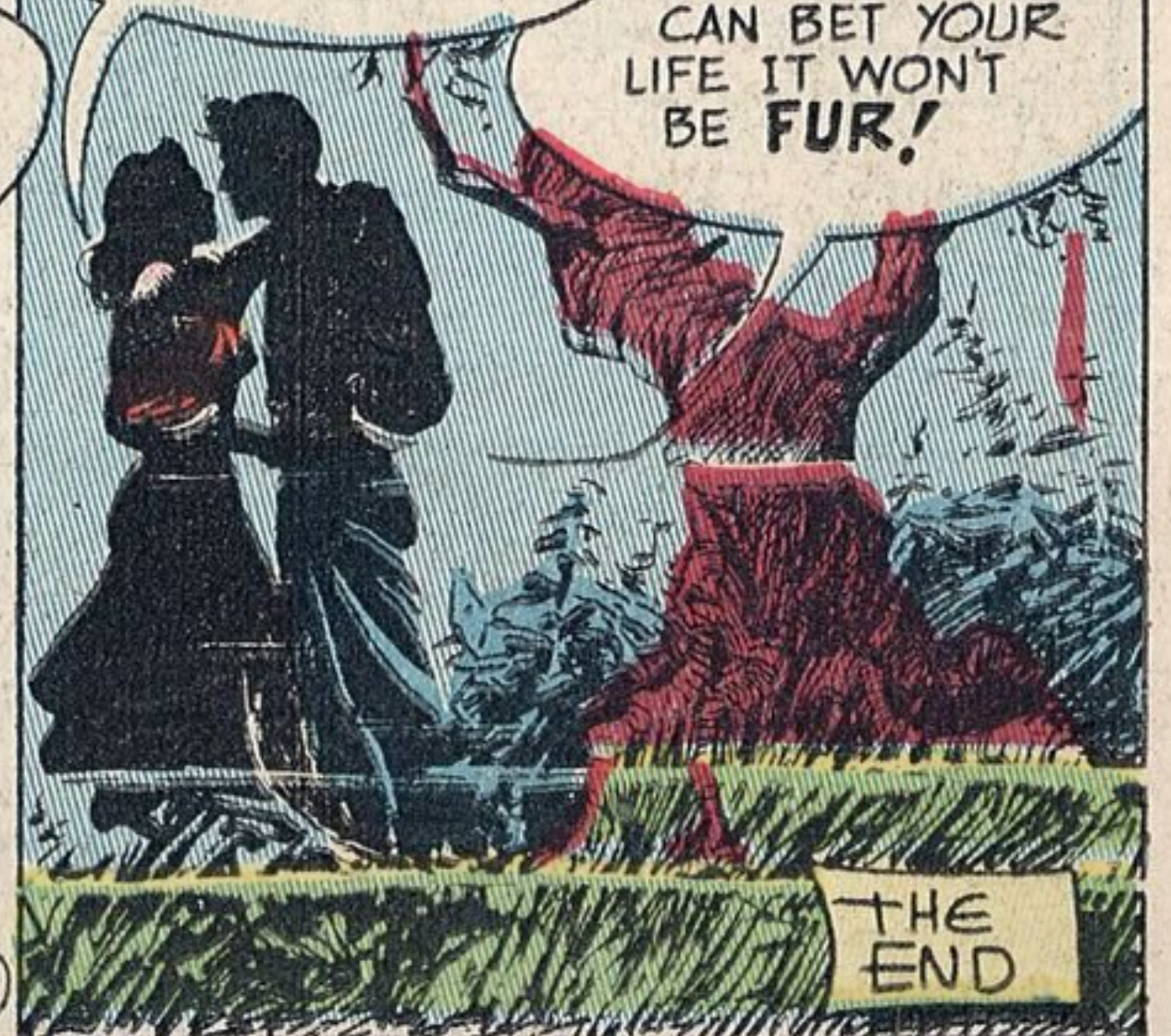
DAVE, THERE'S **NOTHING!**
ONLY A HANDFUL
OF DUST--
IN HIS COFFIN!

ABOUT ALL YOU COULD
EXPECT, HONEY...CONSID-
ERING IT'S THE REMAINS
OF A CREATURE THAT TOOK
REFUGE IN DEATH A
HUNDRED YEARS AGO!



THANK GOODNESS
IT'S OVER, DAVE! **NOW**
I CAN SHIVER JUST
BECAUSE I'M **COLD!**

BABY, I'M GO-
ING TO GET
YOU A COAT....
A **WARM**
COAT...BUT YOU
CAN BET YOUR
LIFE IT WON'T
BE **FUR!**



THE
END

OUT of the NIGHT... TO YOU!

GREETINGS, READER!
This is a big, an important moment to us...for it marks our first meeting with the very public that has so long demanded the issuance of this great new comics magazine. At first glance, it might appear that there was no shortage of publications of this type...for many purport to deal with the supernatural. Closer investigation, however, reveals that the sole claim to recognition extended by many of them was a mere preoccupation with reasonless terror. There was not enough here, we felt, upon which to base an enduring magazine...one which would capture and hold the interest of intelligent readers who demanded the *best*. Such readers, we knew, required stories of genuine merit, imaginatively conceived by top-flight writers. They were entitled to high quality illustration, brilliantly effective color work. And lastly, they rated a respect on the part of the publishers for the great and challenging realm of the supernatural upon which this new magazine is based.

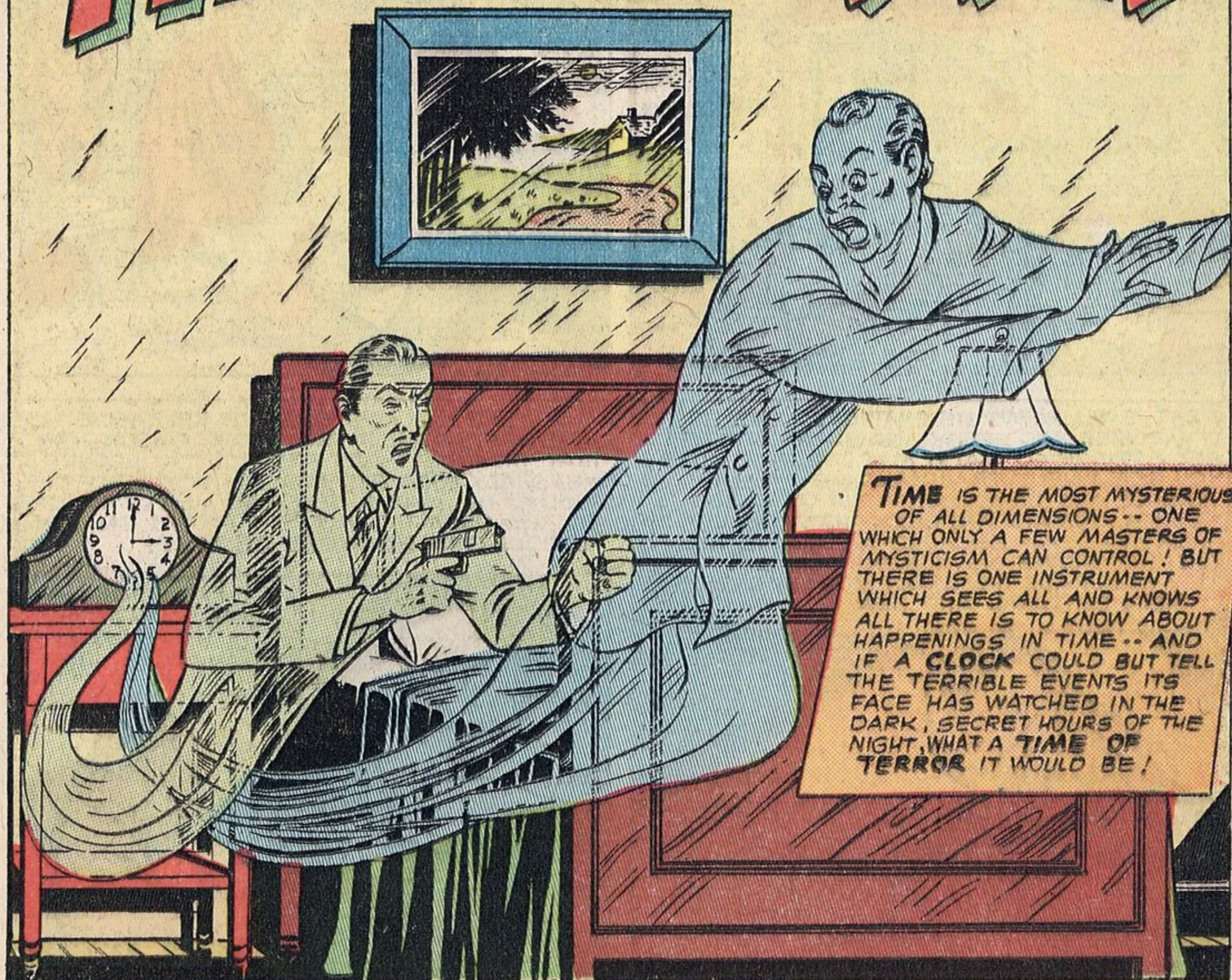
You'll find the best, we are certain, in *"Out of The Night"*. For we, just as you, are fans of that great, unknown realm which lies beyond the borders of man's knowledge. All our lives, we've thrilled to gripping tales of the supernatural. Midnight has been our magic hour...the open sesame to strange and secret stories of the spirit world. Often we've given our imagination full sway...and shuddered delightfully at adventures thronging with ghosts, werewolves, vampires, zombies. The weird wail of the wind has wakened eerie echoes within

us, and the dark of night, with a broken wrack of cloud drifting across the face of a pallid moon, has seemed but an uncanny passport to a land of spine-tingling fancy.

You'll find all of this...and more...in *"Out of The Night"*. We've drawn upon a rich and fulsome background in bringing you this great new publication. Into it has gone all of the fruitful experience garnered throughout the years during which we have issued *"Adventures Into The Unknown"*... America's first comics magazine of the supernatural. To that we have added everything we've learned in our other fine companion publication...*"Forbidden Worlds"*. And the result, we feel, is a magazine tailor-made to *your* specifications. You'll find the proof in this, our first issue. *"King of the Vampires"* is an eerie tale of spectral beings that flit by night. *"Return of the Werewolf"* is laden with out-of-this-world thrills. Then there's *"Time of Terror"*, a strange and gripping story that will make you wonder each time you hear the tick of a clock. And *"Noose of Pearls"*, a ghostly account you'll remember forever.

They're all yours, and we want you to like them. But we want to know your opinion, and what you'd wish to see in future issues. Won't you write in and tell us? If there's space, we'll try to print your letter. Address it to *The Editor, "Out of The Night"*, 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

TIME of TERROR



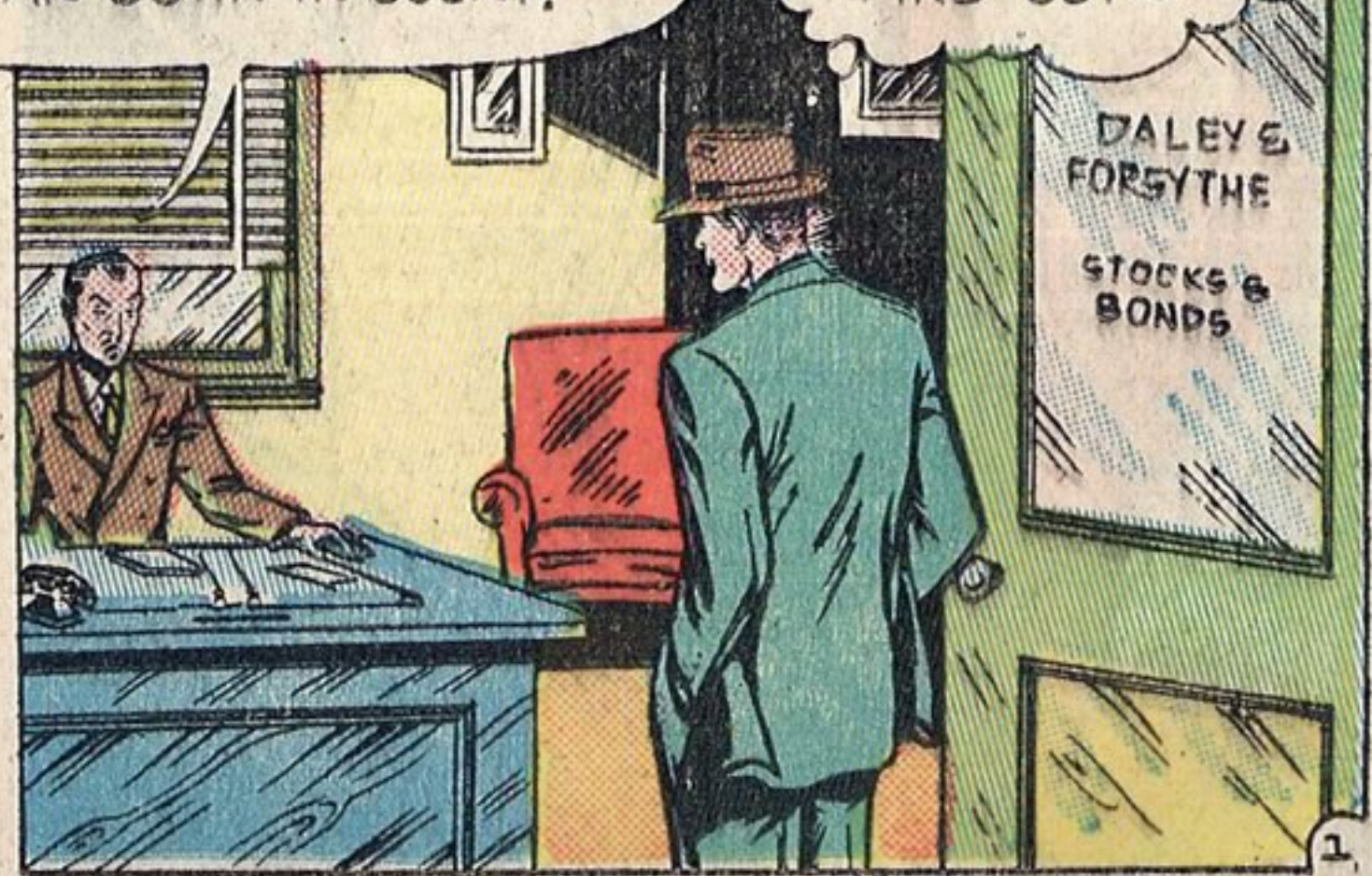
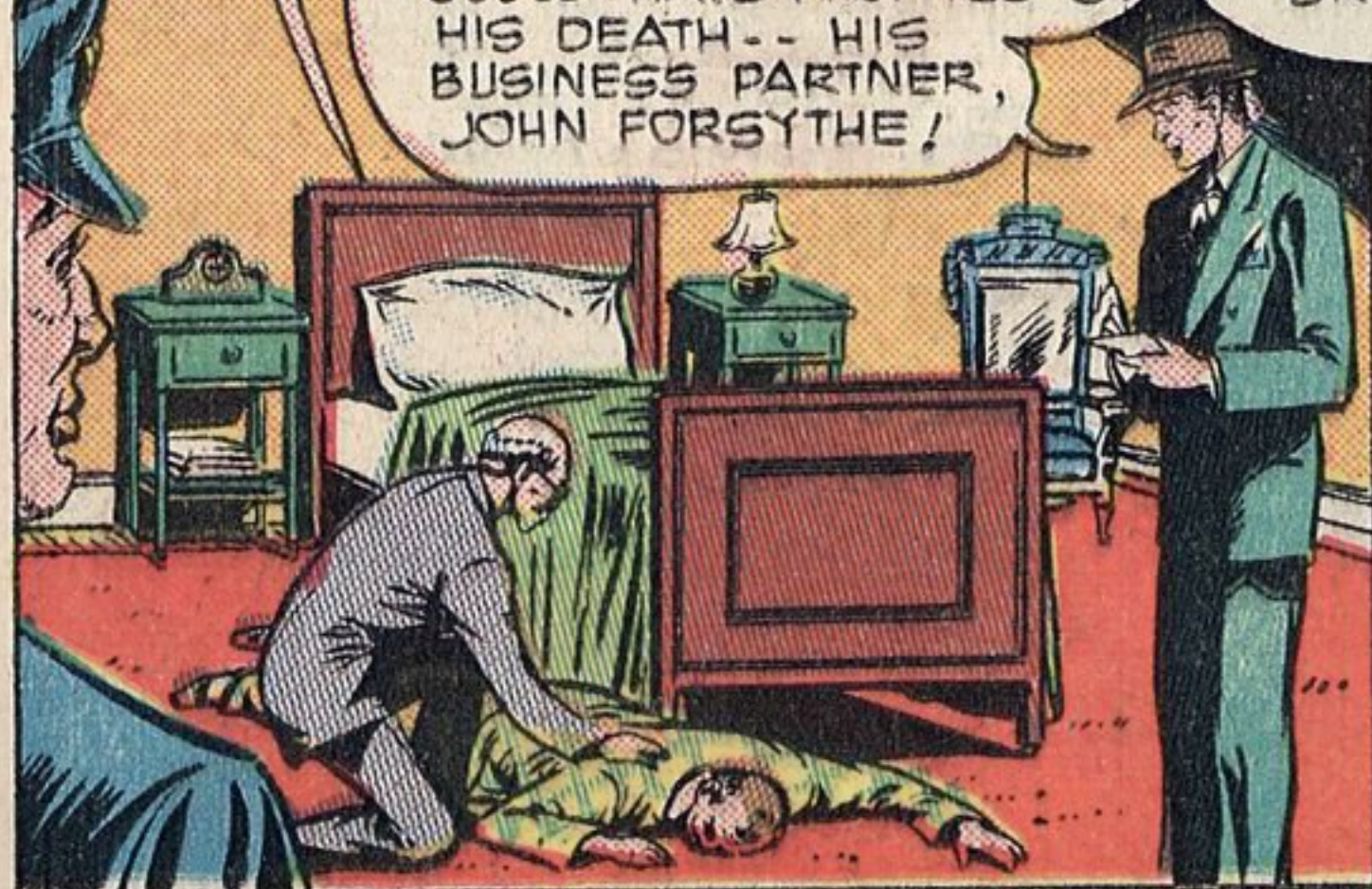
TIME IS THE MOST MYSTERIOUS OF ALL DIMENSIONS -- ONE WHICH ONLY A FEW MASTERS OF MYSTICISM CAN CONTROL! BUT THERE IS ONE INSTRUMENT WHICH SEES ALL AND KNOWS ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT HAPPENINGS IN TIME -- AND IF A **CLOCK** COULD BUT TELL THE TERRIBLE EVENTS ITS FACE HAS WATCHED IN THE DARK, SECRET HOURS OF THE NIGHT, WHAT A **TIME OF TERROR** IT WOULD BE!

I'D SAY HE WAS KILLED ABOUT THREE IN THE MORNING, INSPECTOR WALTON!

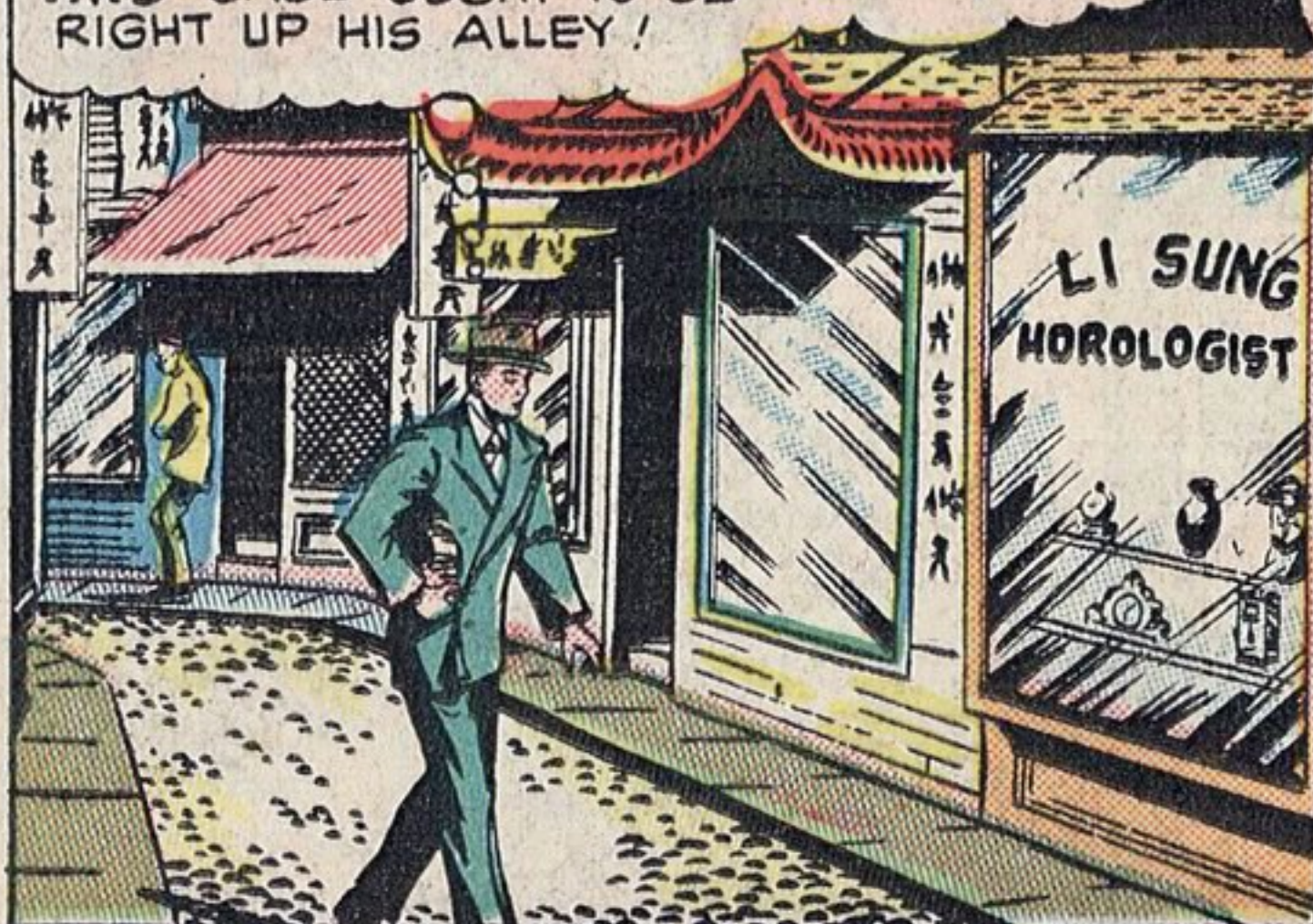
HMM, THAT JIBES WITH THE FACT THAT THE BULLET STOPPED THE CLOCK JUST AFTER THREE -- THE KILLER MUST HAVE MISSED DALEY ON THE FIRST SHOT! WELL, THE NEXT STEP IS TO INVESTIGATE THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD HAVE PROFITED BY HIS DEATH -- HIS BUSINESS PARTNER, JOHN FORSYTHE!

YES, IT'S TRUE THAT DALEY AND I HAVE BEEN HAVING A LOT OF ARGUMENTS LATELY, AND THAT I TAKE OVER THE WHOLE BUSINESS NOW! BUT I **COULDN'T** HAVE KILLED HIM -- BECAUSE AT 3 A.M., I WAS PLAYING POKER WITH FOUR CLOSE FRIENDS -- AND IT'S AN ALIBI YOU'LL **NEVER** BREAK DOWN IN COURT!

HOW DID HE KNOW THE HOUR THE MURDER TOOK PLACE -- WHEN THE NEWSPAPERS AND RADIO HAVEN'T EVEN REPORTED THE CASE YET? THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT...



IF ANYONE ON THE FORCE KNEW I WAS GOING TO CONSULT AN OCCULT HOROLOGIST ABOUT THE CASE, THEY'D THINK I WAS **NUTS!** BUT LI SUNG HAS HELPED ME IN DOZENS OF CASES EVER SINCE I SAVED HIS LIFE IN A TONG WAR-- **HE'S** THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR MY RAPID RISE FROM ROOKIE COP TO DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR! AND **THIS** CASE OUGHT TO BE RIGHT UP HIS ALLEY!



... AND I'VE GOT A STRONG HUNCH THAT JOHN FORSYTHE KNOWS MORE ABOUT THIS CASE THAN HE'S TELLING... BUT NO JURY WOULD BELIEVE MY HUNCH IN THE FACE OF HIS AIR-TIGHT ALIBI! SO I THOUGHT---

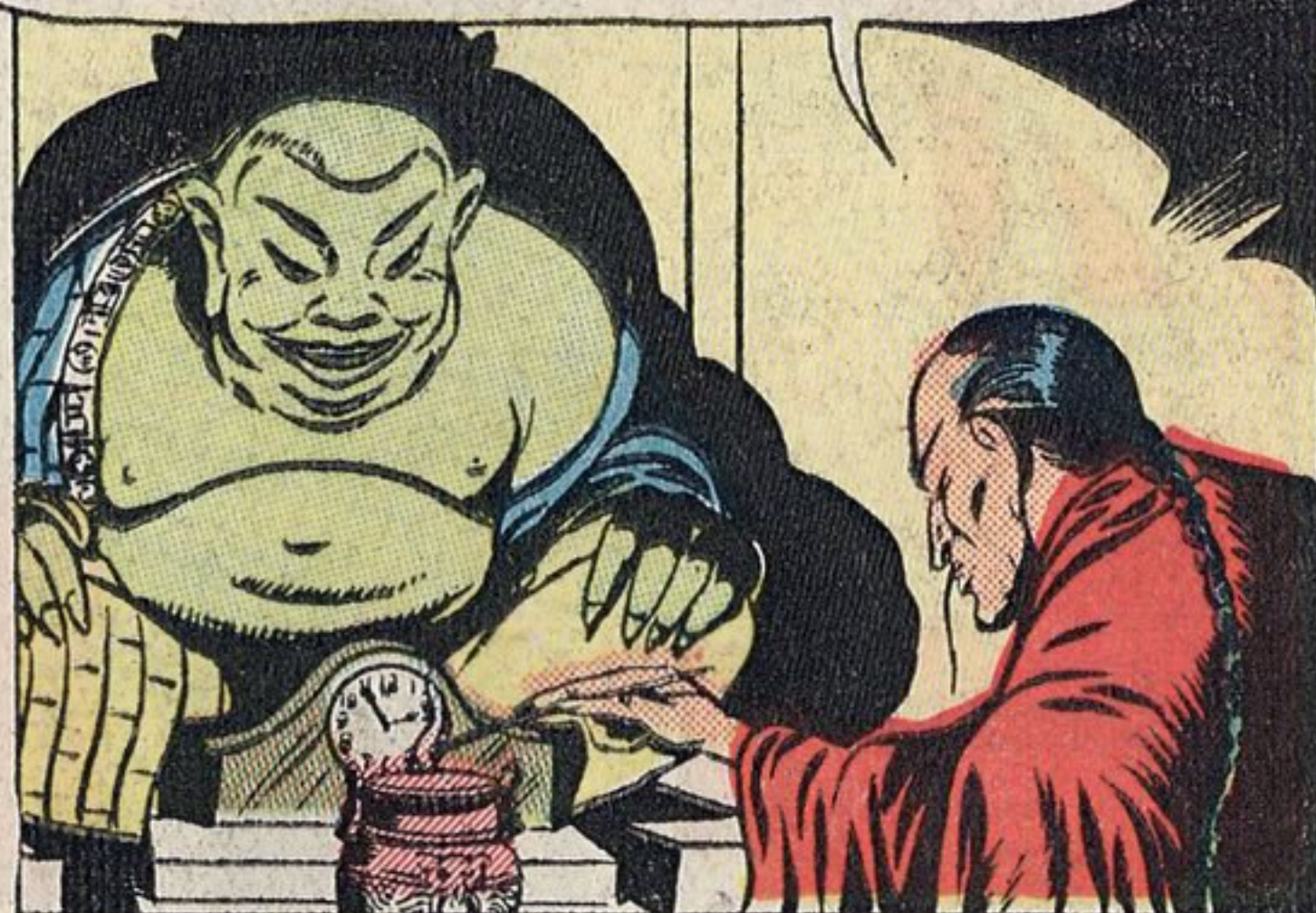
SO YOU THOUGHT HOW CONVENIENT IT WOULD BE IF THE **CLOCK** COULD TELL US WHAT IT SAW ON THE NIGHT OF THE MURDER! WELL, MY SON-- THE **CLOCK** WILL SPEAK!



FIRST, I WILL REPAIR ITS SHATTERED FACE SO THAT IT MAY SEE AND SPEAK AGAIN-- AND ITS GEARS AND SPRINGS SO THAT IT MAY LIVE ONCE MORE! YOU SEE, WHENEVER HUMANS DIE THROUGH VIOLENCE AND TREACHERY, THEIR OUTRAGED SPIRITS ANIMATE ANY CLOCK THAT HAS VIEWED THEIR MURDER-- BECAUSE A CLOCK IS THE ONLY RECORDING INSTRUMENT THAT CAN COMMEMORATE THE EXACT MOMENT OF THEIR BETRAYAL AND DEATH!



AND THERE IS A MYSTIC WAY OF RELEASING THOSE SPIRITS FROM THEIR CLOCKWORK PRISON-- SO THAT THE SPIRIT CAN REENACT THE SCENE WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES THE MOMENT OF THE TRAGEDY! BUT ONLY A FEW WISE MEN OF THE EAST KNOW THE ORIENTAL INCANTATION THAT CAN UNLOCK THE **SECRETS OF TIME!**

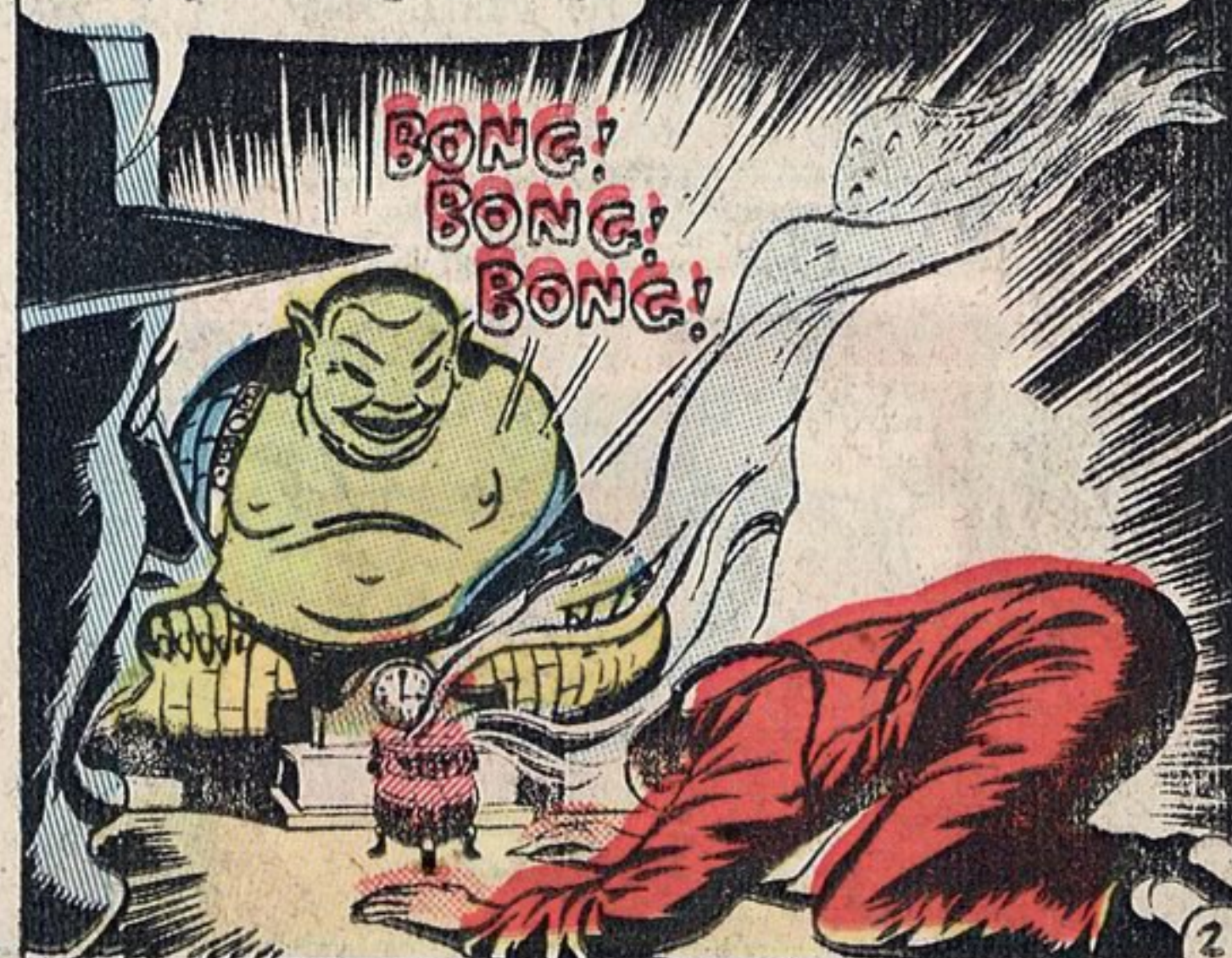


MOMENTS LATER, A WEIRD ORIENTAL SING-SONG FILLS THE ROOM WITH AN EERIE CHANT TO THE ALL-SEEING, ALL-KNOWING GODDESS OF TIME...

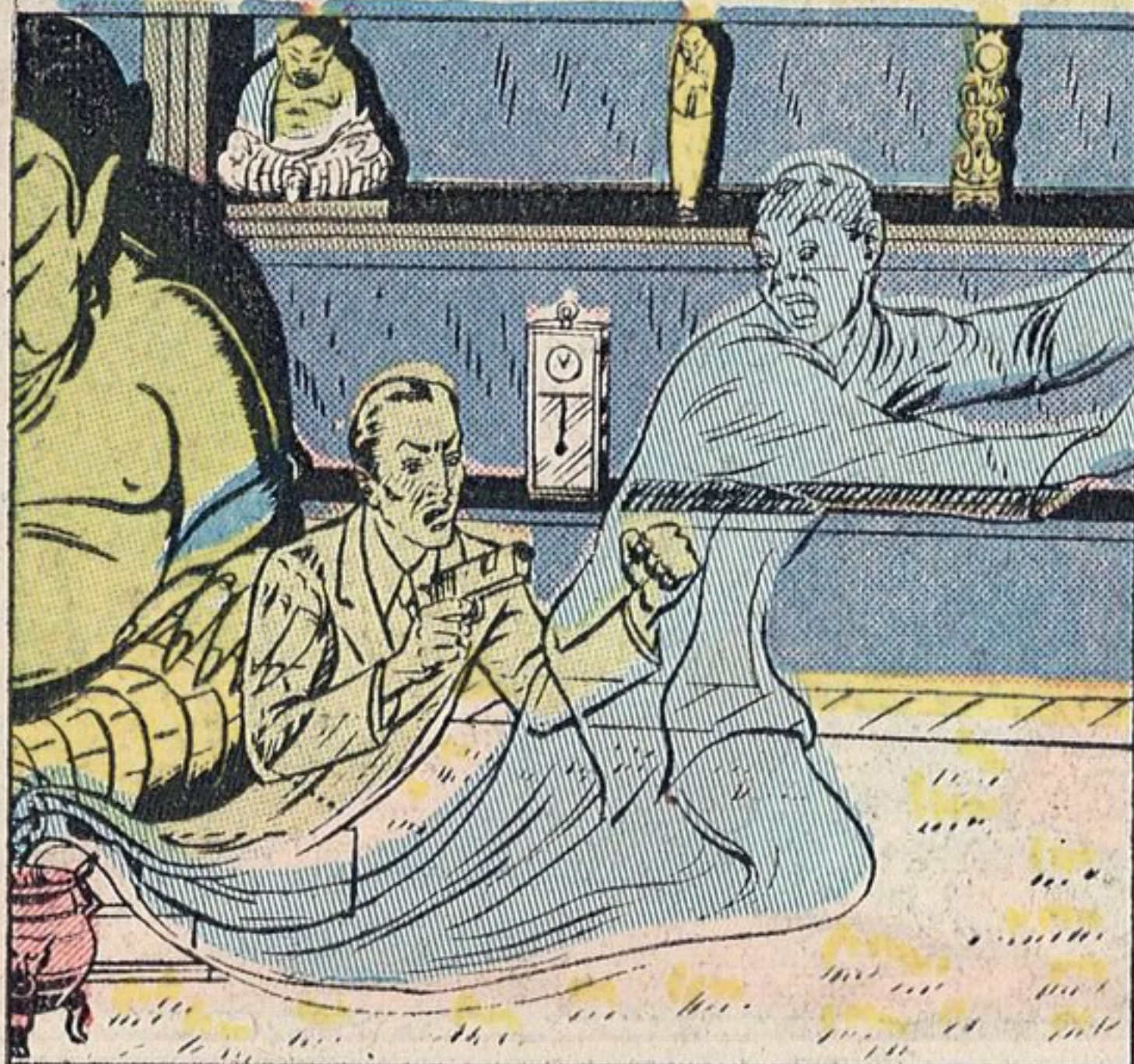


AND AS THE CHANT FADES AWAY...

THE CLOCK'S STRUCK THREE-- **THE HOUR OF THE MURDER!** AND... AND THE INCENSE SMOKE IS BEGINNING TO TAKE ON **HUMAN SHAPE!**



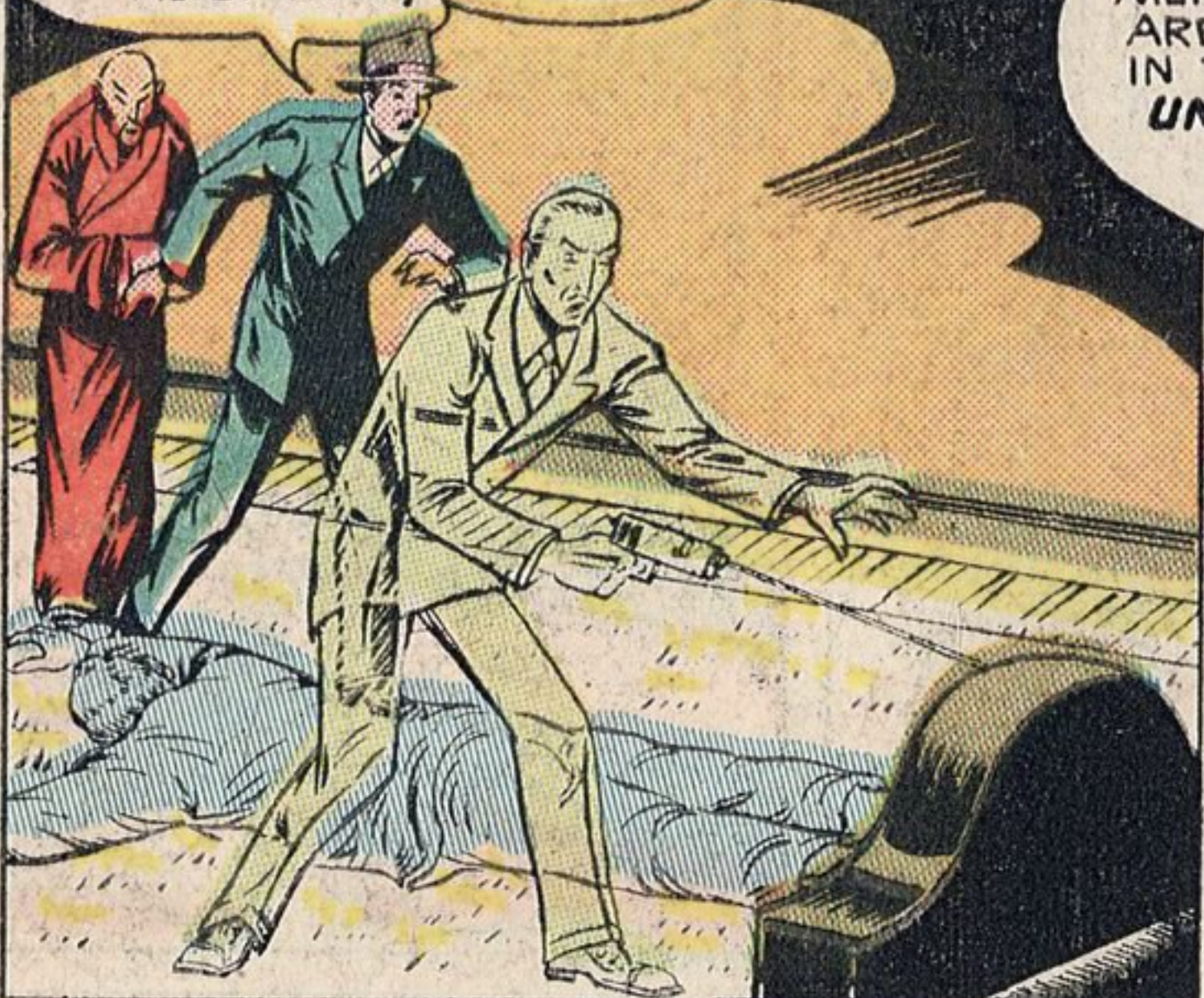
THEN-- A GRISLY SIGHT! OUT OF THE CLOCK...



... COMES A REENACTMENT OF TREACHERY AND MURDER !

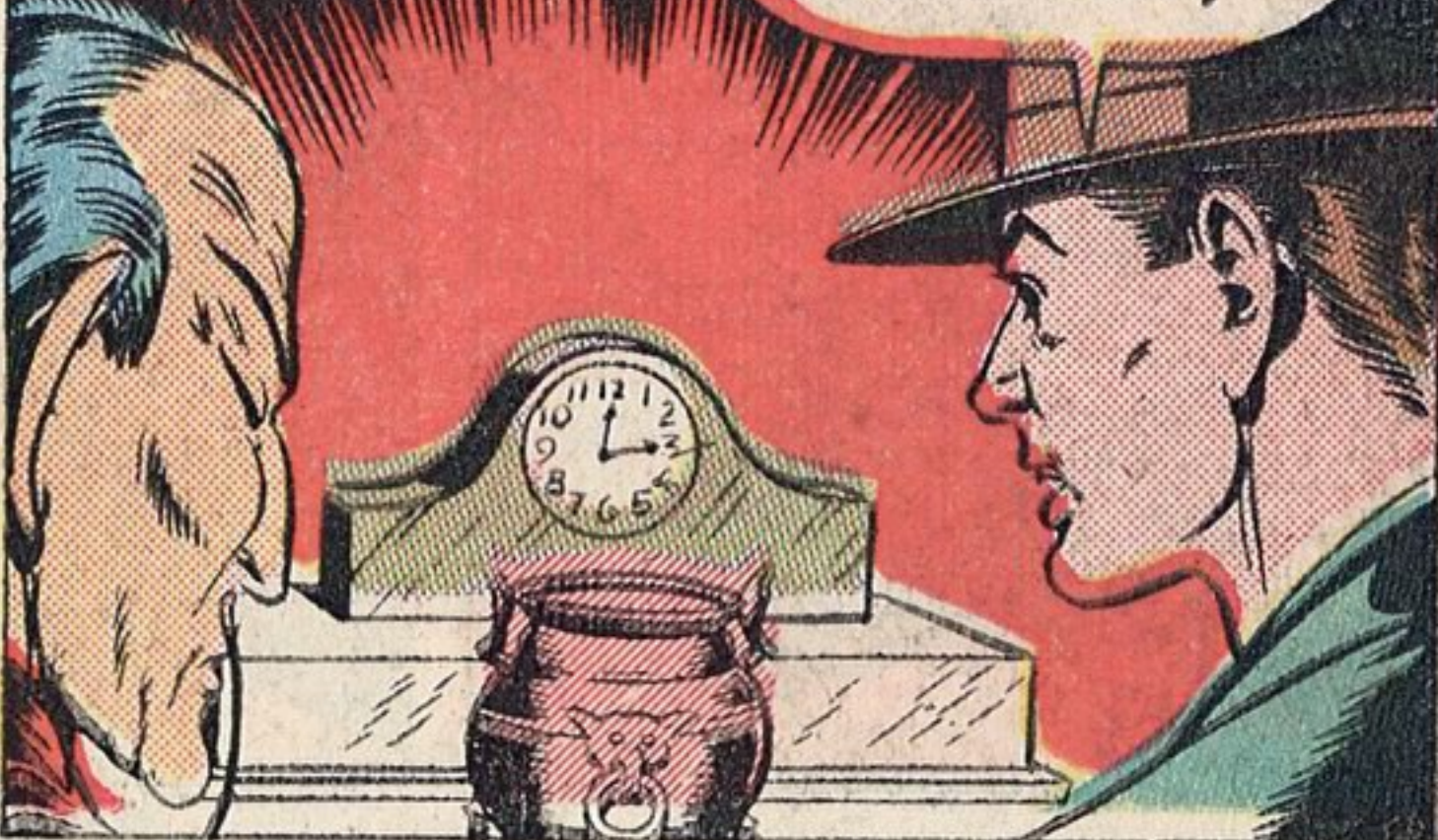


LOOK-- FORSYTHE'S FIRING AT THE CLOCK TO SET THE TIME OF THE MURDER -- AT AN HOUR THAT HE HAS HIS ALIBI FOR!



THE TRAGEDY HAS BEEN REENACTED-- AND NOW THE ACTORS, THE SPIRITS OF THE MURDERER AND MURDERED, ARE ONCE MORE ENGAGED IN THEIR ETERNAL PRISON--
UNTIL THE CLOCK STRIKES THREE AGAIN!

YES, NOW WE **KNOW** THAT FORSYTHE MURDERED HIS PARTNER-- BUT THIS ISN'T **LEGAL** PROOF! IF WE TRIED SHOWING THIS SCENE TO A JURY, THEY'D LAUGH US OUT OF COURT-- THEY'D SAY IT WAS A TRICK OF SOME KIND!



AH, BUT THERE IS ONE WHO WILL **NOT** LAUGH IF THE SCENE IS REENACTED BEFORE HIS EYES-- THE **MURDERER**! IF YOU COULD PLACE THIS CLOCK IN HIS BEDROOM BEFORE THREE IN THE MORNING--YOU MAY SEE **INTERESTING RESULTS!**

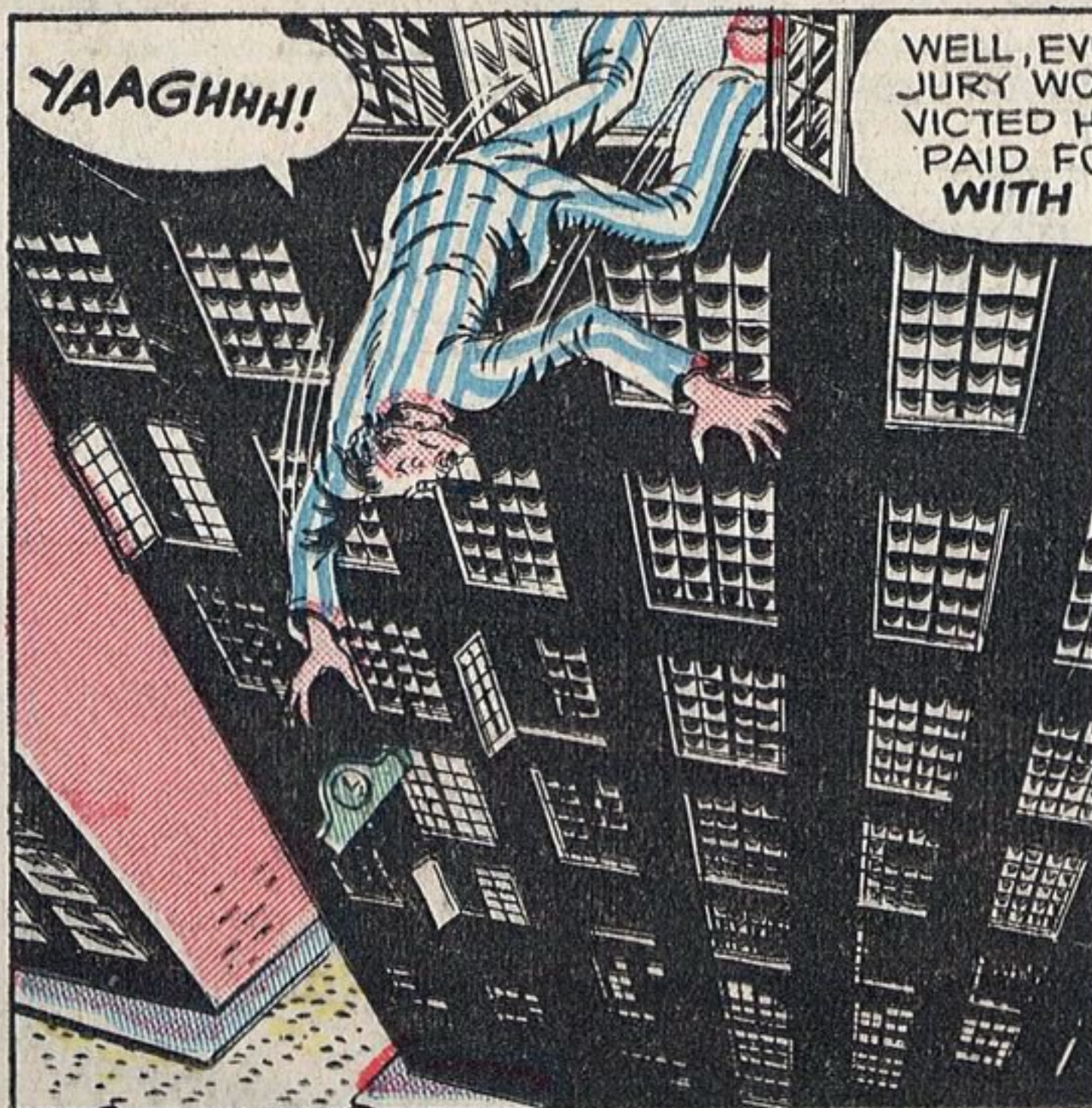


THAT NIGHT, OUTSIDE OF JOHN FORSYTHE'S APARTMENT HOTEL...

I DID AS YOU SUGGESTED, LI! WHILE FORSYTHE WAS IN THE OFFICE, I LET MYSELF INTO HIS APARTMENT WITH MY SKELETON KEY-- AND PLACED THE CLOCK UNDER HIS BED!

GOOD-- NOW WE HAVE BUT TO WAIT UNTIL THE CLOCK STRIKES THREE -- THE **TIME OF TERROR** FOR JOHN FORSYTHE!





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The NOOSE of PEARLS



OUT OF THE DEAD, THE FORGOTTEN PAST, THE HORROR CAME-- ITS EYES GLOWING WITH AN UNHOLY LIGHT! OUT OF THE PAST AND INTO THE PRESENT, IT ONCE POSSESSED-- AND SEARCHING, THIRSTING FOR TREASURES IT GARROTING ALL WHO STOOD IN ITS WAY WITH THE NOOSE OF PEARLS!

LIBBY CAREY'S RISE TO FAME HAD BEEN SWIFT AND DRAMATIC--

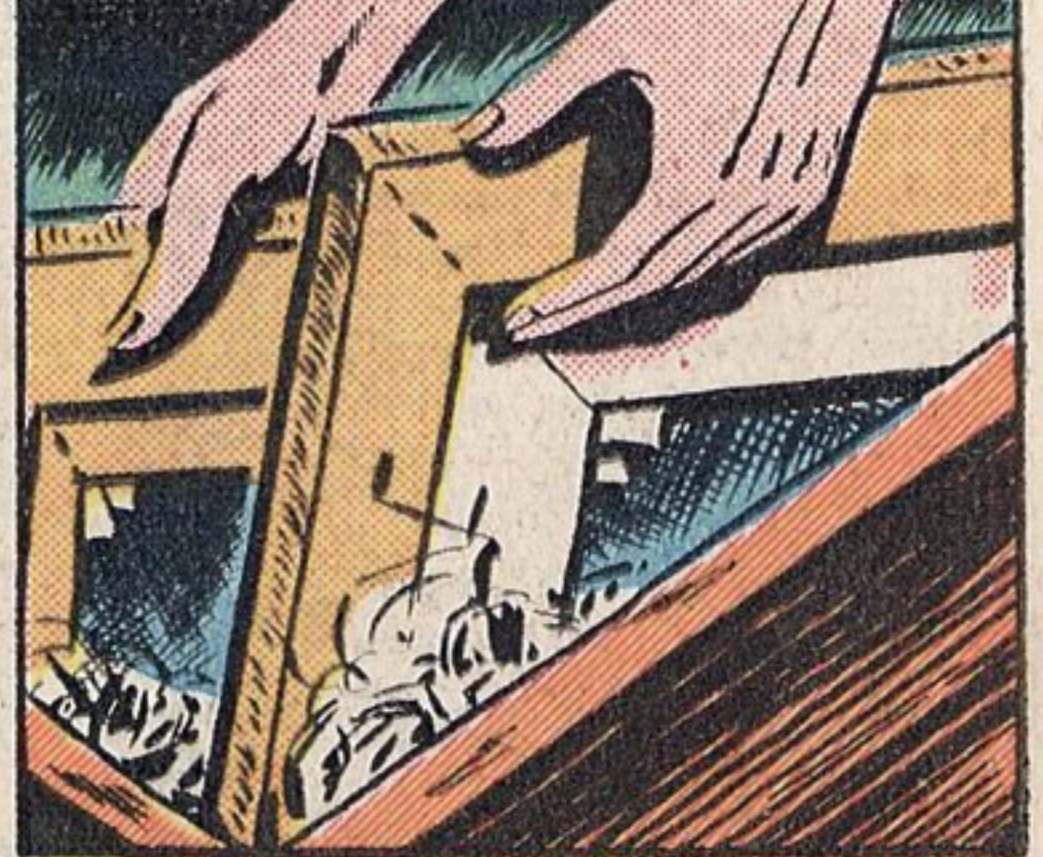
GOSH, LIBBY, EVERYWHERE I TURN, I SEE AN AD WITH YOU ON IT! IT SORTA SCARES ME, BEING ENGAGED TO THE COUNTRY'S TOP MODEL!

SILLY! AS IF ANYTHING COULD CHANGE MY FEELINGS FOR THE COUNTRY'S TOP REPORTER!

I'M JUST GRATEFUL THAT AT LAST I'VE GOT ENOUGH MONEY SO I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY! AND THE FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO, NED, IS GET MOM'S AND DAD'S THINGS OUT OF STORAGE! THEY'VE BEEN THERE FOR YEARS-- EVER SINCE THEY DIED!

LIBBY WAS AS GOOD AS HER WORD--

ALL THIS OLD STUFF! HERE ARE THE PORTRAITS OF MY GREAT UNCLE ZEB AND GREAT AUNT SOPHIE! LOOK AT THE FANCY MOTHER OF PEARL FRAMES!

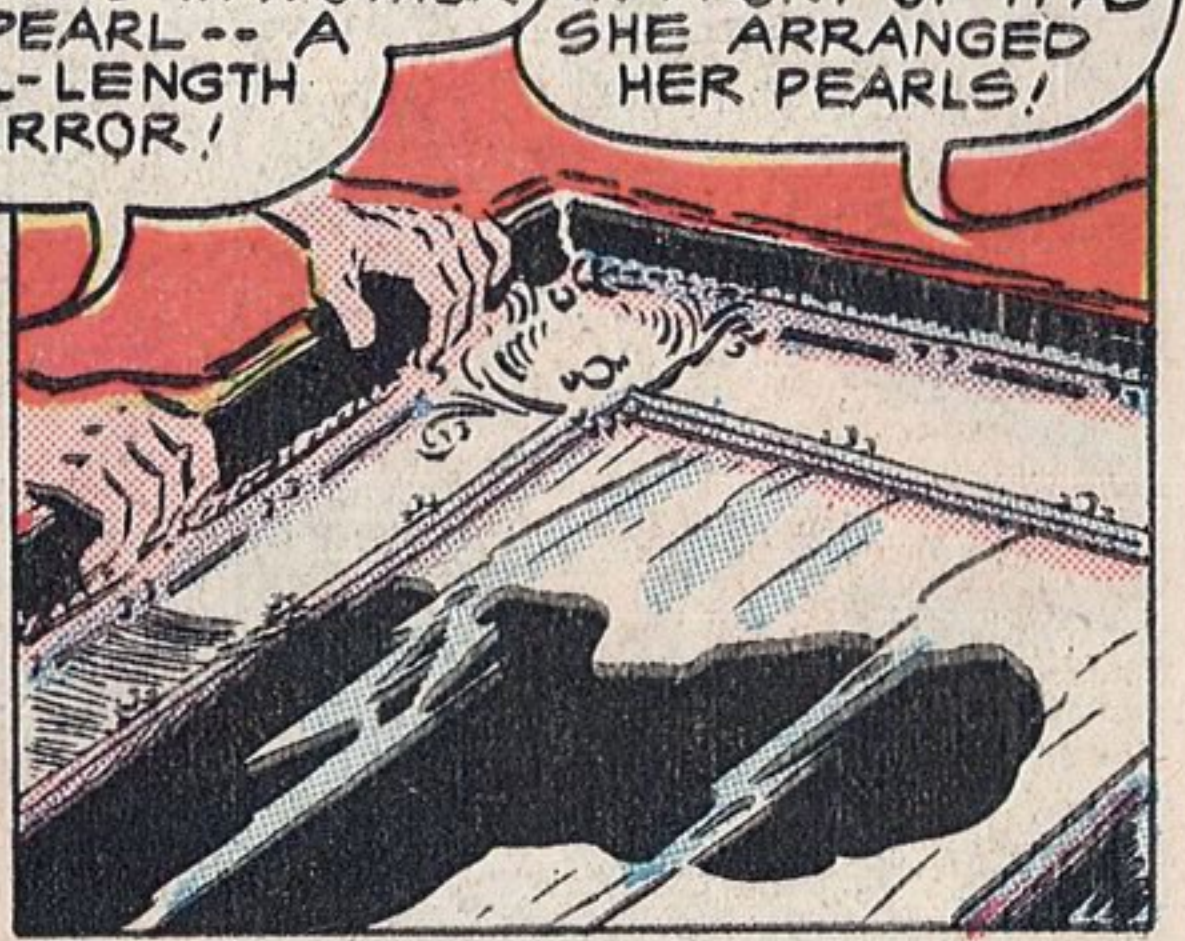


AND LOOK AT THE PEARLS SHE'S WEARING! IF THEY WERE REAL, THEY MUST HAVE BEEN WORTH A FORTUNE!

THEY'RE REAL, ALL RIGHT! AUNT SOPHIE WAS ALMOST NUTS ON PEARLS-- SHE COULDN'T GET ENOUGH! UNCLE ZEB KEPT BRINGING HER MORE AND MORE! HE WAS A SEA CAPTAIN AND PEARL TRADER IN THE SOUTH SEAS!

WELL, THERE'S NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES! ME, I'D RATHER HAVE GOOD HARD CASH!... HOLY SMOKE! HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE FRAMED IN MOTHER OF PEARL-- A FULL-LENGTH MIRROR!

IT USED TO BE AUNT SOPHIE'S! I REMEMBER MOTHER TELLING ME HOW SHE WATCHED AUNT SOPHIE STANDING IN FRONT OF IT AS SHE ARRANGED HER PEARLS!



WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KEEP A PIECE OF JUNK LIKE THAT FOR? WHY DON'T YOU GET RID OF IT?

OH, NO! IT FASCINATES ME!

LONG AFTER NED DEPARTED, LIBBY CONTINUED TO STAND IN FRONT OF THE OLD MIRROR--

IMAGINATION, LIBBY? IF YOUR SLEEP-LOCKED EYES COULD ONLY SEE NOW--

FOR A MOMENT, IT ALMOST SEEMED THAT I COULD SEE AUNT SOPHIE'S REFLECTION! MY IMAGINATION IS WORKING OVERTIME-- I'D BETTER GET SOME SLEEP!

MORE PEARLS! I ALWAYS WANTED MORE PEARLS-- AND NOW YOU ARE GOING TO GET THEM FOR ME!



IT WAS A HYPNOTIC SPELL THE STRANGE SPECTER CAST-- AND THE SLEEPING GIRL OBEYED!

MORE PEARLS! GET ME MORE PEARLS!

SHE RETURNED WITHIN AN HOUR WITH--

ANOTHER STRING... AH! AND BEAUTIES, TOO!



NEXT MORNING--

GOODNESS, IT'S ELEVEN O'CLOCK! I'VE NEVER OVERSLEPT LIKE THIS BEFORE! I'LL HAVE TO HURRY TO KEEP MY LUNCHEON DATE WITH NED... FUNNY! I HAVE THE ODDEST FEELING THAT I HAD A STRING OF PEARLS IN MY HAND! THE TAG END OF A DREAM, I GUESS!



HERE I AM, HONEY... GOSH, YOU LOOK TIRED!

I AM! THE BOSS GOT ME UP FIVE O'CLOCK TO COVER A JEWELRY STORE ROBBERY! YOU SEE THE STORY?

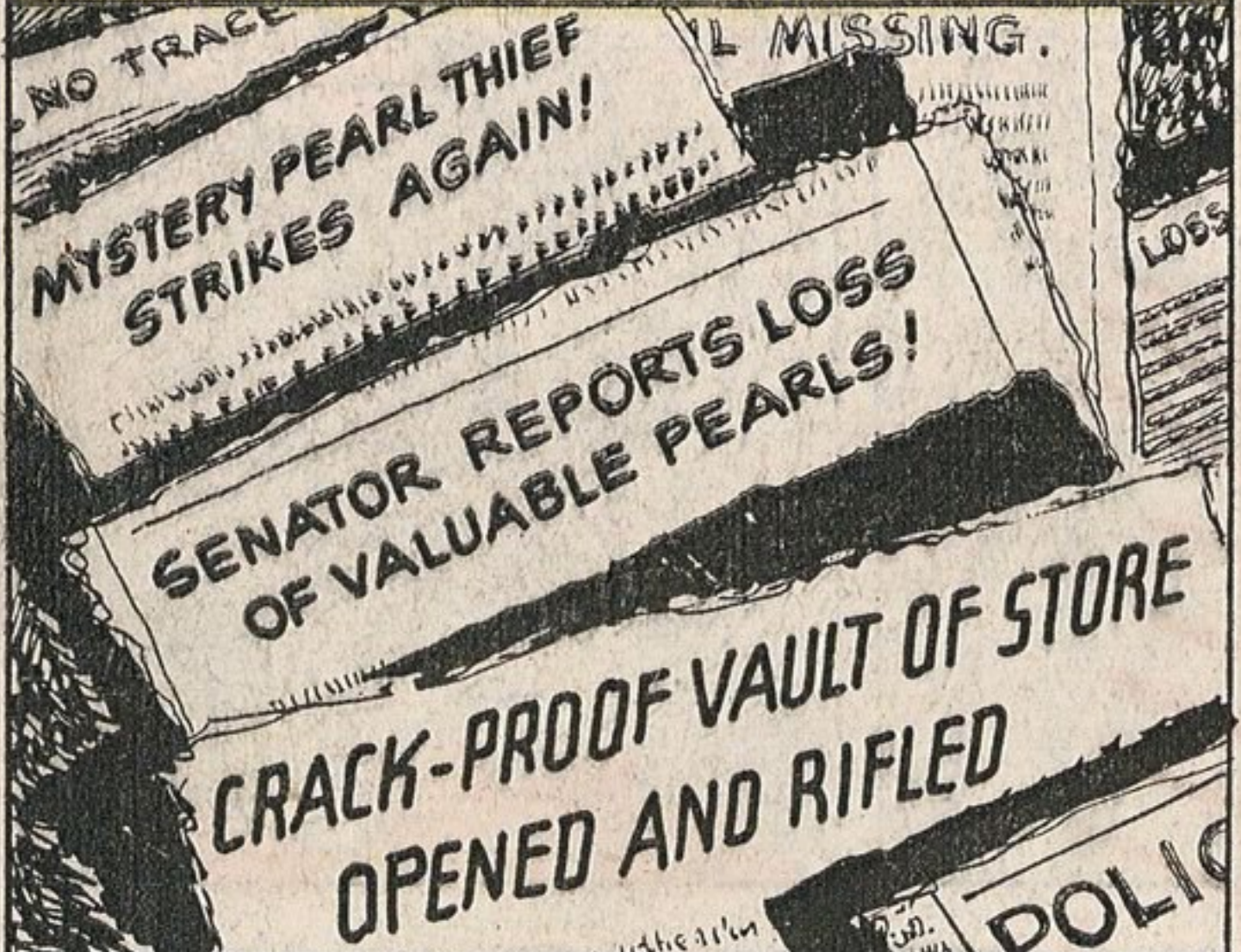


HOW DREADFUL! WAS THE WATCH-MAN KILLED, NED?

FORTUNATELY NOT! HE REPORTED HEARING A NOISE AND GOING TO INVESTIGATE! SUDDENLY HE WAS ATTACKED FROM THE REAR! A ROPE WAS PUT AROUND HIS NECK AND HE WAS STRANGLING INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS! WHEN THE POLICE FOUND HIM, HIS NECK STILL RETAINED A SERIES OF ROUND BRUISES! THEY ARE OF THE OPINION THAT HE WAS CHOKED BY A STRING OF PEARLS!



IN THE NEXT TEN DAYS, THE CITY WAS HIT BY AN EPIDEMIC OF ROBBERIES! AND IN EACH CASE, ONLY VALUABLE PEARLS WERE STOLEN!



WONDERFUL HAVING AN EVENING WITH YOU, DARLING-- IT'S BEEN SO LONG! YOUR BOSS SHOULDN'T WORK YOU SO HARD!

YOU SHOULD SPEAK TO THE PEARL THIEF.. THE ONE WHO'S KEEPING ME BUSY! HE'S SURE GOT EVERYBODY RUNNING IN CIRCLES!



AND NOW I'VE GOT TO BEAT IT TO THE OFFICE!

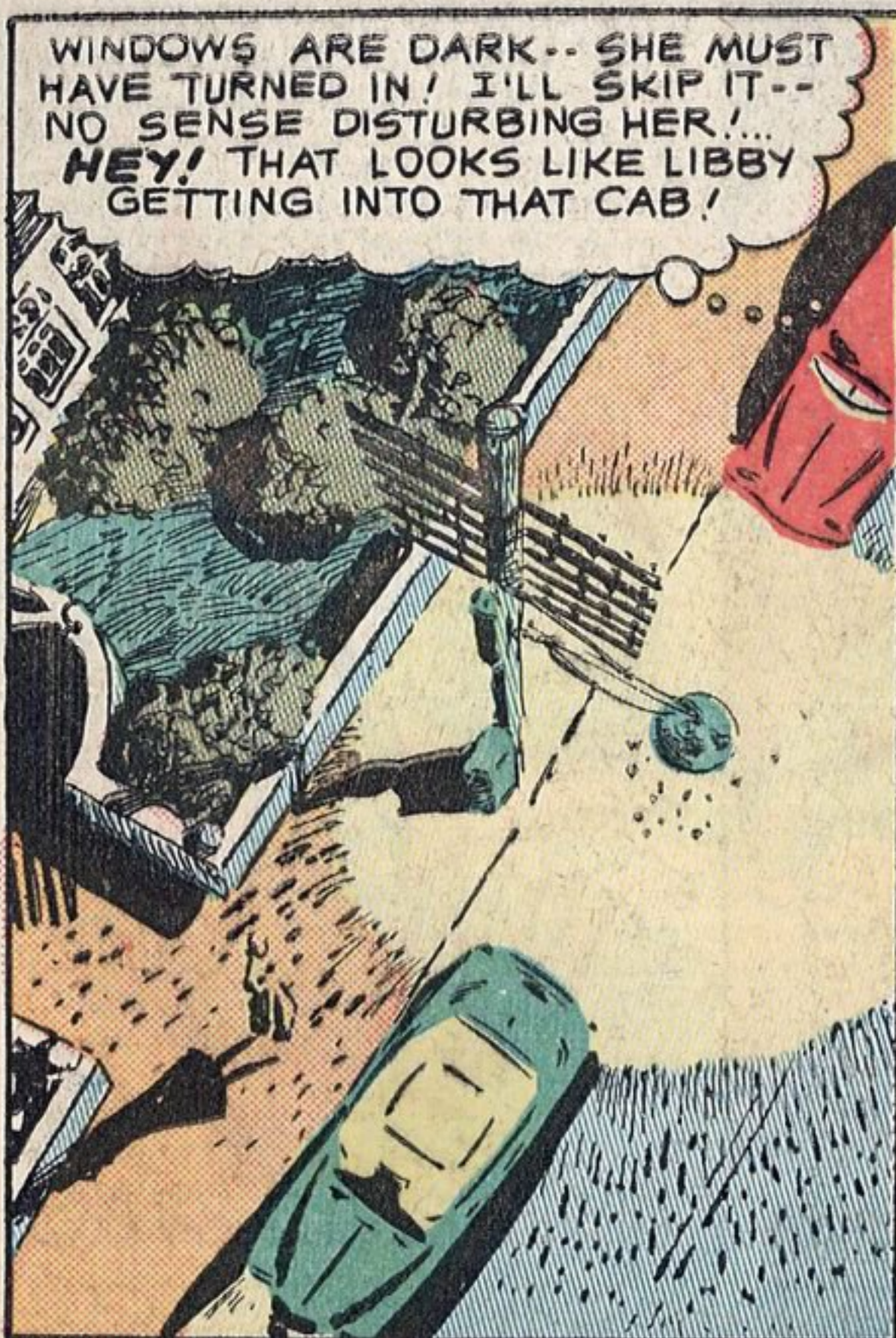


I'M GOING STRAIGHT TO BED! IT'S ALMOST AS IF I'M NOT GETTING ENOUGH SLEEP.. BUT THAT'S RIDICULOUS!



SAY, I'D BETTER GET BACK TO LIBBY'S.. I LEFT MY HAT! AND MY PRESS CARD'S IN IT!





WINDOWS ARE DARK-- SHE MUST HAVE TURNED IN! I'LL SKIP IT-- NO SENSE DISTURBING HER!...
HEY! THAT LOOKS LIKE LIBBY GETTING INTO THAT CAB!



FUNNY! I WONDER WHERE SHE'S GOING? YOU'D THINK SHE WOULD'VE SAID SOMETHING... WHY, SHE TOLD ME SHE WAS GOING STRAIGHT TO BED! **I THINK I'LL TRAIL ALONG!**



BEYOND CITY LIMITS--

GOOD GRIEF! WHAT'S SHE GETTING OUT HERE FOR?

CITY LIMITS
RESUME SPEED



WHY IN THUNDER WOULD LIBBY BE GOING INTO GREGORY MALT'S ESTATE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT-- OR ANYTIME, FOR THAT MATTER?



BAFFLED AND WORRIED, NED RETURNED TO THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE! THEN, AT 4 A.M.:

GET GOING FAST, NED! IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN! GREGORY MALT'S JUST BEEN ROBBED OF HIS NAPOLEON PEARLS!

GREGORY MALT!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING--

BUT, LIBBY, I SAW YOU LEAVE THE APARTMENT AND GET INTO A TAXI! ALL I WANT TO FIND OUT IS WHERE YOU WENT! IT'S VERY IMPORTANT!

I TOLD YOU I WENT STRAIGHT TO BED THE MINUTE YOU LEFT HERE! YOU MUST HAVE SEEN SOMEBODY ELSE! I DON'T LIKE YOUR ATTITUDE ONE LITTLE BIT! YOU CAN LEAVE ANY TIME-- AND TAKE YOUR RING WITH YOU!



THAT NIGHT, AFTER LIBBY HAD CRIED HERSELF TO SLEEP--

GET ME MORE PEARLS! STILL MORE PEARLS!

MEANWHILE, FROM A VANTAGE POINT ACROSS THE STREET, NED WATCHED LIBBY'S HOUSE--

THE SCOTT HOUSE! THEY HAVE PEARLS-- BEAUTIFUL PEARLS!

CAUTIOUSLY, NED FOLLOWED AS LIBBY CROSSED A PARK, APPROACHED A HOUSE--

SHE SEEMED TO BE TELLING THE TRUTH WHEN SHE DENIED GOING OUT! MAYBE I'M NUTS PACKING A GUN... BUT THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY SOMEWHERE, AND I MEAN TO FIND OUT WHAT!

IT'S LIBBY!

HOLY SMOKE! SHE'S OPENED A WINDOW IN THE SCOTT PLACE AND GONE IN!

PEARLS ARE INSIDE!-- BEAUTIFUL PEARLS!

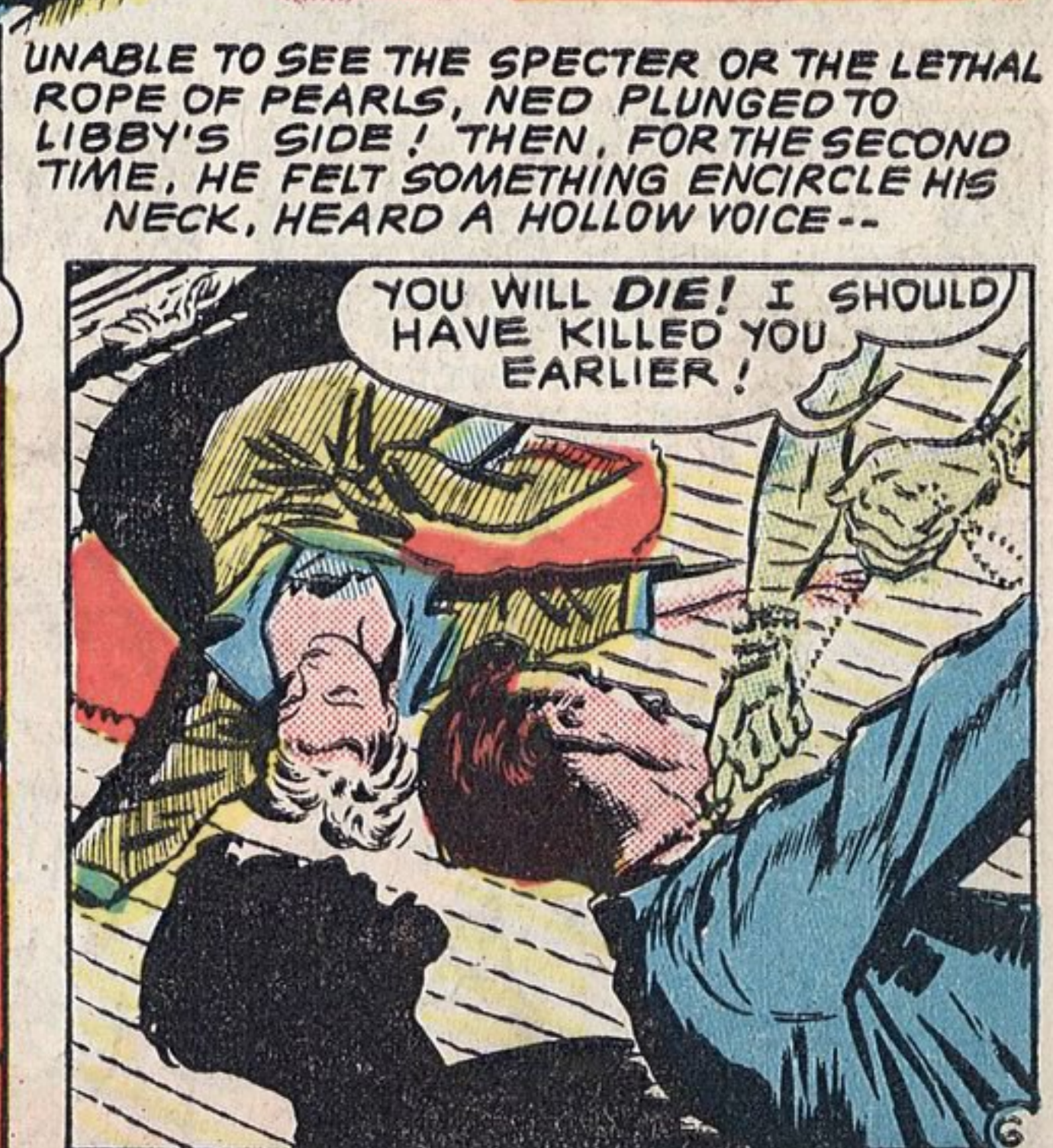
I... I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT! LIBBY-- THE PEARL THIEF!

THERE SHE GOES! OUT ONTO THE BEACH!

LIBBY! STOP!

SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING, NED FELT SOMETHING COLD AND HARD FASTEN AROUND HIS THROAT AND TIGHTEN-- TIGHTEN!

NO... NO! ARGH!



AWARE THAT HE WAS IN THE GRIP OF SOME SUPERNATURAL FORCE, NED STRUGGLED FRANTICALLY TO LOOSEN THE CHOKING ROPE--



MY GUN...

A FAST GUN SHOT-- AND THE OLD MIRROR SHATTERED--



CRASH!

IT'S GONE! WHATEVER IT WAS-- IT'S GONE!



I... I SAW HER IN THE MIRROR! IT WAS GREAT AUNT SOPHIE! HER OLD MIRROR LET HER RETURN FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD-- UNTIL ITS DESTRUCTION DESTROYED HER!

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE, BUT SHE MADE YOU STEAL, LIBBY!... LOOK! PEARLS! THEY'RE THE ONES SHE FORCED YOU TO TAKE!



OH! THEN I... I WAS THE THIEF!

THE FOLLOWING DAY--

WELL, THERE GOES THE LAST OF THE PEARLS, ON THE WAY BACK TO THEIR OWNERS! IT'S BETTER TO DO IT ANONYMOUSLY, LIBBY! NOBODY COULD POSSIBLY BELIEVE THE TRUTH!

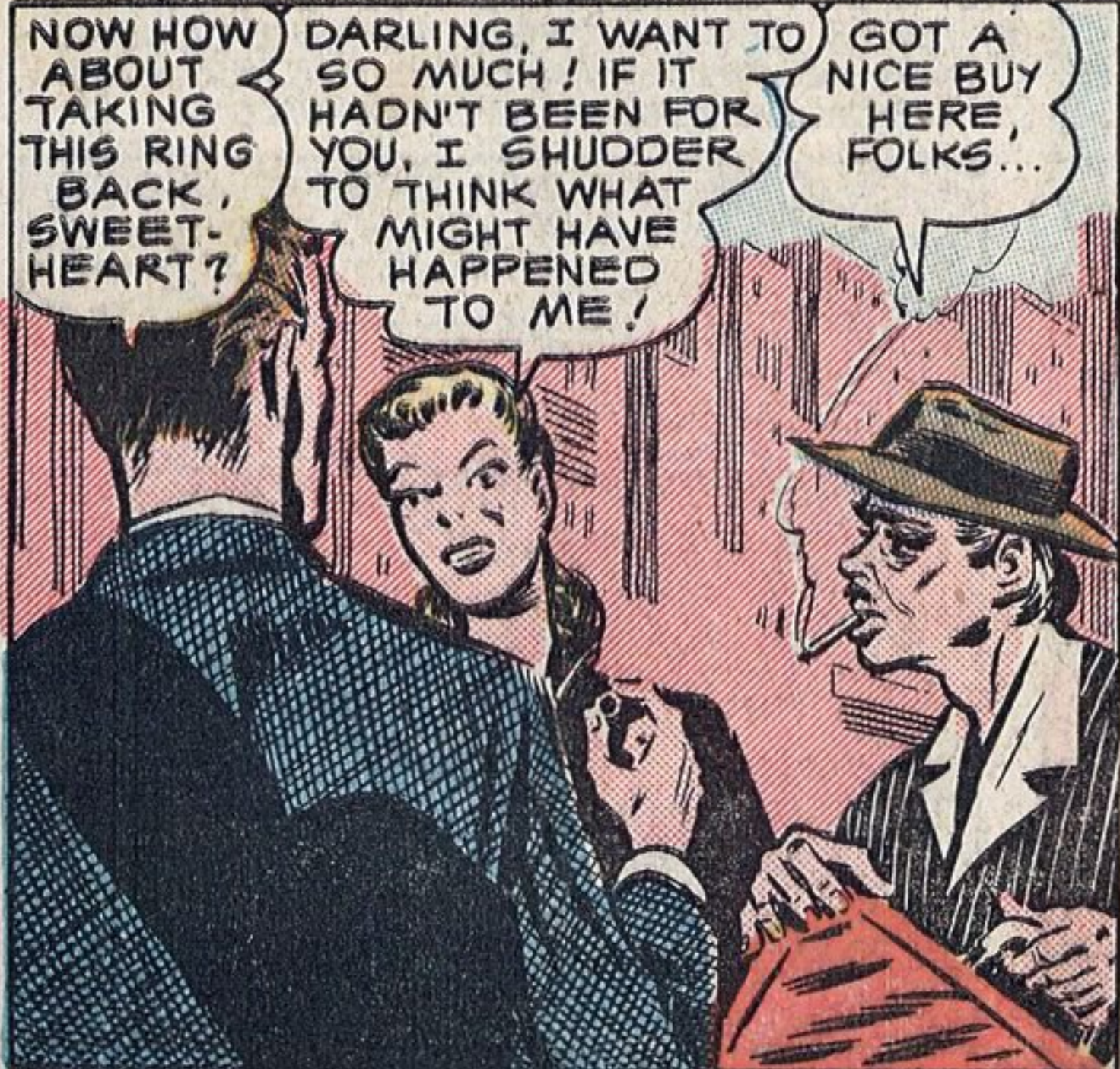


I GUESS NOT! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT MYSELF!

NOW HOW ABOUT TAKING THIS RING BACK, SWEET-HEART?

DARLING, I WANT TO SO MUCH! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED TO ME!

GOT A NICE BUY HERE, FOLKS...



BEAUTIFUL STRING OF MATCHED POOLS...

NOW WHAT'S EATIN' THEM? YOU'D THINK I WAS OFFERIN' 'EM POISON!



The End

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you—**are YOUR ears burning?** Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want to!*

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. **BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS!** Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a **SAFE** extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?

ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM

TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES

FRANKLY, JIM IT'S THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS

FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!
UGLY BLACKHEADS
OUT in Seconds with
VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germy fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!



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AREN'T YOU GLAD
WE HEARD ABOUT
VACUTEX



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No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!**



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—
release extractor—and blackhead's out!

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- ☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.
My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

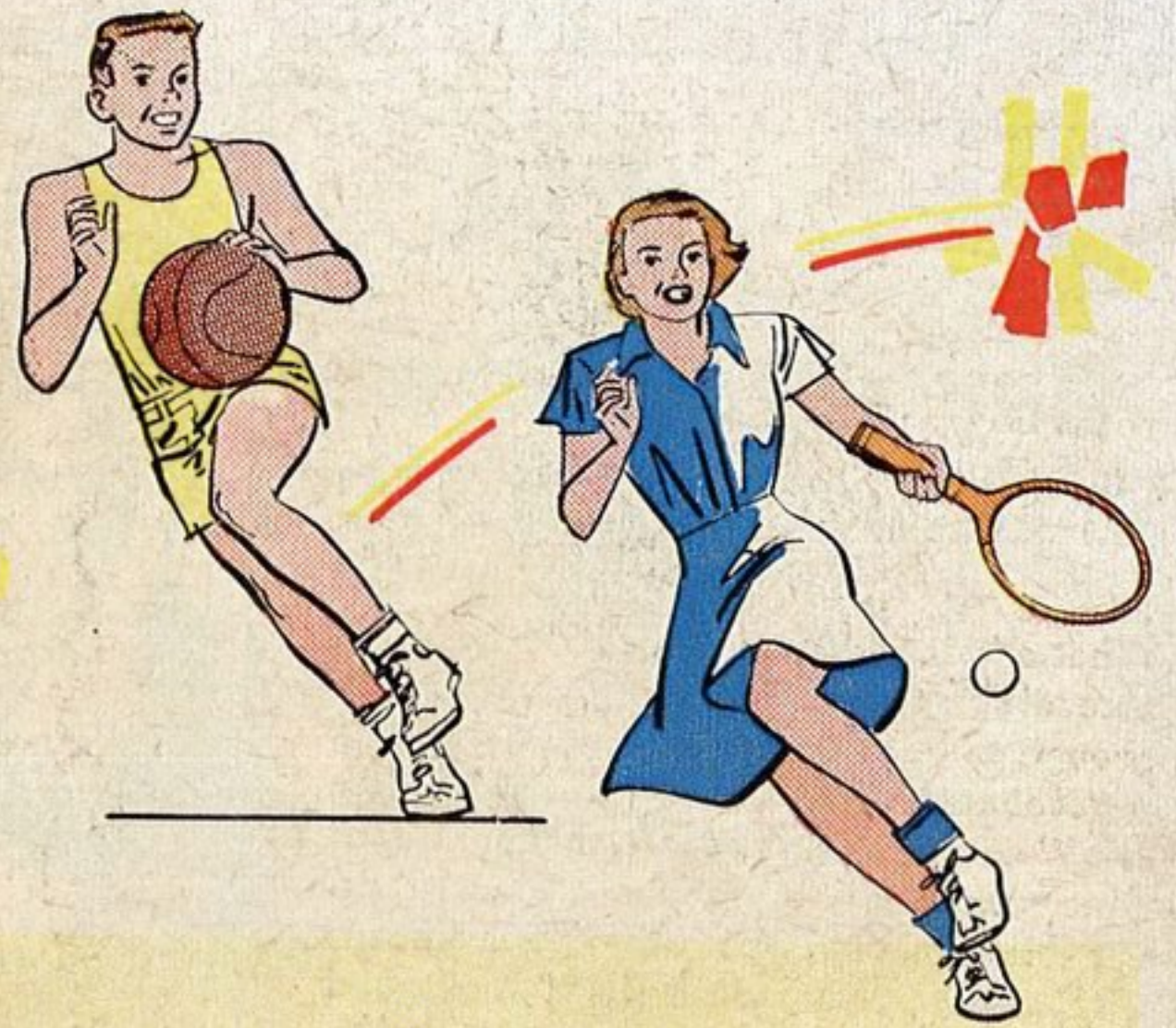
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